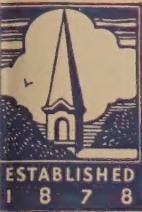


May
1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

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*As a member of the
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Christian Herald's editorial platform is *vigorously evangelical.* ↗ ↗ We believe in the transforming, re-creating power of Christ and His gospel. ↗ ↗ It is the new birth. We know that power can save men. ↗ ↗ We believe that it can save society. ↗ ↗ It is our constant aim to use Christian Herald in such a way that Christ's plan for man and for society may be more speedily fulfilled. ↗ ↗ We have no other, we *can* have no higher purpose.

Sixty years ago Christian Herald was launched by Dr. Louis Klopsch—Under the leadership of Dr. Klopsch and with the coöperation of its loyal readers, Christian Herald became an outstanding institution in raising and distributing money for charitable, philanthropic and religious purposes. It has been said that, outside of the Red Cross, no organization has raised more money for relief enterprises than Christian Herald.

Christian Herald now embraces a still wider realm of usefulness—It has become the official organ of the Christian Herald Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as an organization *not for profit*. The Association is formed to diffuse the principles and teachings of the Christian religion, to receive and invest voluntary contributions in support of religious, benevolent and educational enterprises, and to publish Christian Herald. It is further provided that no officer, member or employee of the Association shall receive pecuniary profits except reasonable compensation for services rendered.

As a subscriber to Christian Herald you are also a member of the Christian Herald Association. Besides publishing Christian Herald, the Association through the generosity of its members maintains

—the famous BOWERY MISSION in New York City. In addition to the evangelistic services conducted three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year, now that unemployment is wide-spread, the Mission feeds as many as twelve hundred men daily.

—the CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME—famous "Mont Lawn"—at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Since 1894, tens of thousands of weak, puny children from the crowded streets of the city have been restored to health and happiness at Mont Lawn.

—the CHRISTIAN HERALD INDUSTRIAL MISSION IN CHINA, where orphaned boys and girls are educated and cared for until they are self-supporting.

As a member of the Christian Herald Association you are participating in one of the oldest and finest religious and philanthropic enterprises in the world. With sound conservatism, but in the faith warranted by a great past and a challenging future, the Christian Herald Association continues its career of great purpose and wide usefulness.

Commonest of All Excuses:

"I'm sorry—I never got around to reading that!"

IN 1938 DID YOU READ EVEN TWO OR THREE OF THESE BEST SELLERS—GOOD BOOKS NOT TO BE MISSED?



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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Carl Van Doren	
MADAME CURIE.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
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THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Arthur E. Hertzler	
FANNY KEMBLE.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Margaret Armstrong	
PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Irwin Edman	
LISTEN! THE WIND.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Anne Morrow Lindbergh	
OUT OF AFRICA.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Isak Dinesen	
RED STAR OVER CHINA.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Edgar Snow	
THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld	
THE SUMMING UP.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
W. Somerset Maugham	
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Margaret Halsey	
THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
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THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Ruth McKenney	
THE GENERAL'S LADY.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Esther Forbes	
MAN'S HOPE.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
André Malraux	
TESTAMENT.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
R. C. Hutchinson	
—and many others no less worth reading, too many to be listed here	

Why miss *this year*—as you did *last year*—so many new books you would deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show the degree to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication*. If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read*. You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. A65

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price \$5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

The Best in RADIO

Outstanding Programs on May Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
 9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, (except Fridays)—RED and BLUE.
 11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
 12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
 3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.
 5:30 P.M. Don Winslow of the Navy. Character-building dramatizations for children—BLUE.
 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld organist—CBS.
 9:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.
 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Devotional services with officiating ministers of every denomination—CBS.
 10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
 10:00 A.M. American String Quartet. Little known chamber music—BLUE.
 10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs picked up in various cities featuring music by students of the public schools of those cities—RED.
 11:15 A.M. Chimney House. Dramatization for children—RED.
 11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
 12:00 noon Raido City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
 12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
 1:30 P.M. Salute of Nations to World's Fair—CBS—NEC—Mutual.
 2:00 P.M. Magic Key of RCA. Symphonic orchestra, direction Frank Black—BLUE.
 2:00 P.M. Americans All-Immigrants All. Dramatizations of history and cultural contributions of different racial groups of America—CBS.
 2:30 P.M. Words without Music. Dramatized poetry readings, directed by Norman Corwin—CBS.
 4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
 4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
 7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner-table discussions with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.
 9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Fritz Reiner conducts the orchestra to May 14th, John Barbirolli from May 21—CBS.
 10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Comments. H. V. Kaltenborn discusses the news of the week—CBS.
 10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

12:30 P.M. Faith and Freedom. Dr. Harold Paul Sloan—RED.
 2:30 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Program for school groups of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
 3:00 P.M. Concerts by the Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
 6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
 7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
 8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatized stories of America's past—CBS.
 8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.
 9:00 P.M. Primrose String Quartet, for students of serious music—BLUE.
 9:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.

TUESDAYS

12:30 P.M. Where to Look for Help. Dr. Jesse M. Bader—RED.
 1:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra. Educational concerts—BLUE.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
 3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
 3:15 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
 3:30 P.M. Story of the Song. How some of the great songs came to be written—CBS.
 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
 5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the Senate. Senators talk on problems before the upper house—CBS.
 6:05 P.M. Pictures of France. Paris and the Provinces—BLUE.
 7:30 P.M. John T. Flynn. Analysis of national and international events—RED.
 8:00 P.M. "Inside Story." Dramatized account of the inside stories of interesting personalities. Can be heard at 9:30 P.M. Central

time, 8:30 P.M. Mountain time, and 7:30 P.M. Pacific time—BLUE.
 8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman in a program to stump the experts—BLUE.
 9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air with Gabriel Heatter as host—CBS.
 10:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Cal Tinney interviews outstanding men—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir—CBS.
 12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
 2:00 P.M. Your Health. Dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.
 4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books. Professor John T. Frederick reviews new books—CBS.
 6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley conducts dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
 8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch—RED.
 9:30 P.M. Wings for the Martins. Educational drama—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. The Public Interest in Democracy. Deals with America's problems—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.

THURSDAYS

12:00 noon Southernaires. (Also Fridays.)—BLUE.
 12:30 P.M. The Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
 2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. Social science series with Dr. Roll G. Reynolds—BLUE.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
 5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the House. Members of the lower house discuss their legislative problems—CBS.
 8:00 P.M. Parade of Progress. Facts about food—BLUE.
 9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny Jr., moderator—BLUE.
 10:00 P.M. Tune Up Time. Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra—CBS.

FRIDAYS

12:30 P.M. The Inner Drama of Life. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster—RED.
 2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE.
 5:30 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of development of astronomy—CBS.
 7:30 P.M. The ABC of NBC. Scenes behind a great broadcasting company—BLUE.
 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manner, soprano; Frank Black's orchestra—RED.
 9:30 P.M. March of Time. News dramatization—BLUE.
 10:30 P.M. Robert L. Ripley's Believe It or Not—CBS.
 10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teacher—RED.
 10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
 11:00 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
 1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
 2:00 P.M. Men Against Death. Dramatizations of Paul de Kruif's books—CBS.
 5:15 P.M. Youth Meets Government. High School students question noted authorities—RED.
 6:30 P.M. What Price America? Dramatized story of America's natural resources—CBS.
 6:45 P.M. Dr. Walter Van Kirk in Religion in the News—RED.
 7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.
 9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

JUST what makes a great broadcasting company "tick?" "The ABC of NBC" is a new series which will explain backstage radio activities. The programs will deal with the work of the various departments of the world's largest broadcasting company and show how each plays a highly important part in the production of the program that finally issues through a loudspeaker (Fridays, 7:30 to 7:45 p.m., EDST, over the NBC-Blue Network.)

FROM Shanghai, China, comes the appeal for permission to rebroadcast the addresses of NBC clergymen presented under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches. The Christian Broadcast Stations in Shanghai labor under marked limitations in securing speakers, who have a mastery of English, for religious broadcasts. Hereafter the mighty messages of Fosdick, Sockman, and Christian Herald's Dr. Poling will be heard by the Orient.

WHEN King George and Queen Elizabeth of England visit Canada and the United States from May 15 to June 15, it will mark two precedents. It will not only be the first time a reigning British king and queen have visited this country but it will be the first time that all British subjects will be able to keep in constant touch with their King and Queen while their Majesties are traveling, as through radio the royal journey will be short waved all over the British Empire. All important events in the visit of the two sovereigns will be broadcast by the three major networks to American listeners.

A tip from a big man to his dad— Ipana and massage help your teeth and gums



**Many a man has learned
from his own youngster the
importance of Ipana and
Massage to healthier smiles.**

TED'S sure proud of his dad. Batting averages, camping out and even fractions—there are few things that dad can't explain. But there was one lesson dad wasn't up on—one fact he learned from Ted—the need and importance of massage for healthier gums and brighter teeth.

For today, in many schools throughout the country, children are being taught the

danger of today's soft foods—the modern need of gum massage. Because our soft and creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush, *see your dentist at once*. You may not be in for serious gum trouble, but only your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, he's apt to pronounce it simply a case of neglected gums—gums that, as many dentists say, "have become

lazy, need the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is a modern dentifrice especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases within the gum tissues. Lazy gums awaken—they tend to become firmer, stronger. They look and feel better.

Play safe—don't risk trouble. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help keep your smile as it should be—winning and attractive!

Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!

Why—why
is my smile so
dingy? I brush
my teeth
faithfully.

Mother, you don't massage your
gums. Teacher says
gums must be
healthy for
sparkling
smiles



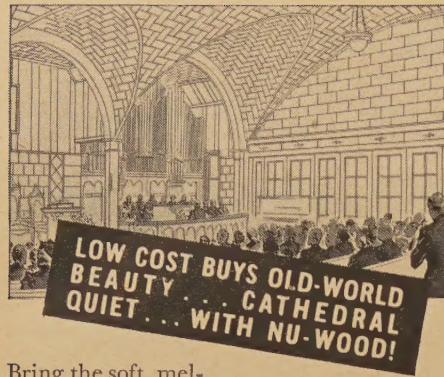
I'm a lucky husband,
Mrs. B. You
grow lovelier
every day,
my dear!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

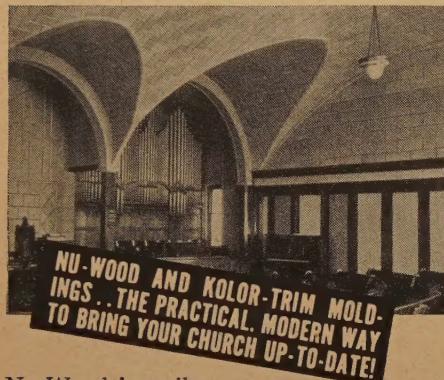


Get the new **D.D. Tooth Brush**

—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.



Bring the soft, mel-
low glow of old-world beauty to your church . . . provide the quiet and perfect acoustics that add new richness to every service . . . with Nu-Wood, the modern wall and ceiling covering for churches! The cost is low—though Nu-Wood brings you enduring beauty eliminating periodical, expensive redecoration. No wonder so many church interiors today are gaining new life and interest with Nu-Wood.



Nu-Wood is easily applied—right over the old walls and ceilings. KOLOR-TRIM MOLDINGS—wood moldings pre-decorated in a range of glowing colors to harmonize with Nu-Wood—now make it possible to have a complete, low-cost interior decoration job without a single "extra." We'd like to show you photographs of the beautiful churches which have been modernized with Nu-Wood—and give you full information. Mail the coupon!

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Plank • Tile
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Kolor-Trim • Insulating Sheathing
NU-WOOD PRODUCTS OF WEYERHAEUSER BALSAM-WOOL

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY

Room 161-5, First National Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota

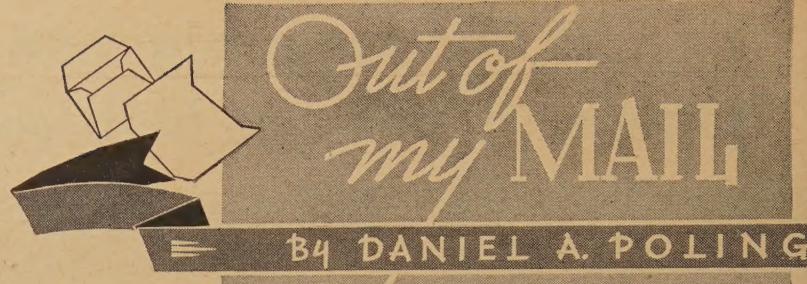
Gentlemen: Please send me information and illustration about Nu-Wood for:

New Construction Remodeling

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

Note: I have received a very wide correspondence in reply to my suggestion that I should be glad to receive the opinions and observations of the readers of this page in regard to the question, "Is the Church losing ground?" The communications are vigorously written, evidencing an intimate appreciation of the vital problems confronting the Church and an undisturbed faith in the cause and sure conquest of Christ.

DANIEL A. POLING

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

My son is to be married in the spring. I wonder if you could tell me of a book helpful to such a person, suitable for a young married couple to read.

I AM happy to be able to answer this question. I have just finished reading "Harmony in Marriage," by Leland Foster Wood, a man very wise and highly experienced. The book is published by the Round Table Press, New York, and the sale price is one dollar. It is the kind of book that should be most helpful to young men and young women about to be married.

THAT BUND MEETING

Do you still believe that the Bund meeting in New York should have been held? Was it not a disgrace?

YES, I still believe the Bund meeting in New York should have been held. Also, it was a disgraceful meeting. I have talked now with six friends who attended the meeting, who saw and heard everything. Their reaction results in a unanimous negative vote. They say the affair was disgraceful beyond words; that it was not only an alien crowd, an alien language, but an alien spirit—a little bit of Hitler Germany planted in Manhattan. But throughout the country reactions following the Bund meeting have strengthened America. An editorial in one of the great American weeklies contains these words: "Better that we should see and hear exactly what the Nazis are than that they should work in the dark; better that destructive speech should be permitted than that officials should assume the power to

judge what is destructive and what constructive." Another editorial follows: "It is the idiots who are stirring up mob fury, but it is of the utmost importance that idiots should be protected, for, if idiots can be gagged, so can anybody else."

GRADUATES OF CHURCH COLLEGES

Is it true that a great majority of public leaders come from Christian or church colleges rather than from other institutions of higher learning?

WELL, I know the following:

Eight of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were college graduates, and seven of the eight came from church colleges.

Eighteen of our Presidents were college graduates, and sixteen of the eighteen came from church colleges.

Two-thirds of the Congressmen whose names appear in "Who's Who" are recorded as graduates of Christian institutions.

VOTING ON WAR

Are you still opposed to a popular vote on a declaration of war against a foreign power? I mean, are you opposed to the so-called Ludlow Amendment or its successor?

I AM still opposed! Also, sentiment in the country is growing against the Bill.

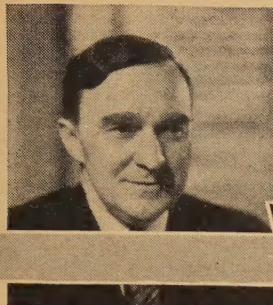
The Gallup Poll, taken in September 1936, showed 71% of the people for, and 29% against. Three polls have been taken since—the last in November 1938, showed 58% in favor of the Bill and 42% against.

This is a republic. Ours is a representative form of Government. We must be what we are or run the risk of losing what we have.

Also, the measure is, in my opinion, not a peace measure. Popular opinion plunged the Nation into the war with Great Britain in 1812; into the war with Mexico, and into the Spanish-American War. President McKinley was vilified from the Atlantic to the Pacific because he delayed the declaration of war with Spain. I would rather trust the President and Congress. In other words, I would rather trust our American form of Government than any revision of the American form of Government.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

DO CHILDREN OWE ANYTHING TO THEIR PARENTS?

I have just read an article in a newspaper in which the writer says that children owe absolutely nothing to their parents—no gratitude and no appreciation. It points out that children are not responsible for their birth. The article concludes with this sentence: "Children don't owe their parents a thing!"

THE article in question is both inexcusable and false, it is fundamentally wrong. No reasonable child ever feels that way about his parents. I certainly do not feel that way about my parents—rather, I owe them just about everything. Blame them if you please for bringing us unasked into the world, but blame them then for life with its bitter and its sweet, with its opportunity, and its time and its hope for eternity. This life is but the childhood of our immortality and even those who suffer unspeakably to the end of their days with tortures of body and soul face then an entrance into fulfillment and triumph.

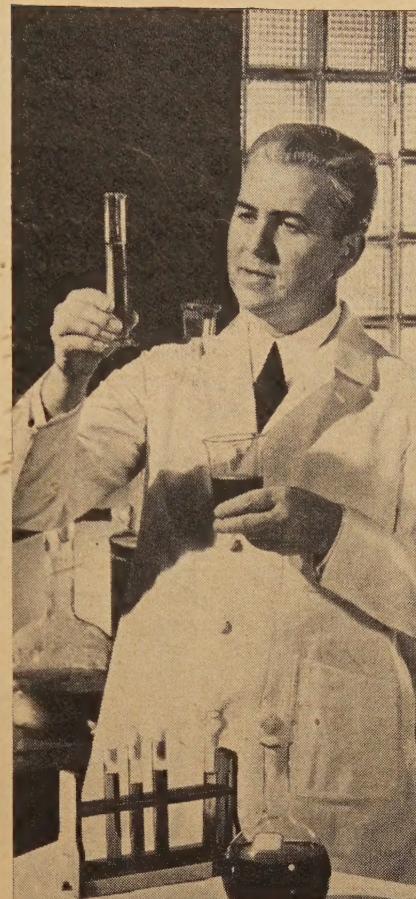
CATHOLIC CHURCH ATTENDANCE

Why is the Catholic Church so much more largely attended than the Protestant?

IS IT? There are several things that we need to regard in facing the question. Let us recognize the fact that the Catholic Church has been eminently successful in the emphasis placed upon church attendance, and in all loyalties of her people. But, also, she faces now the problem of church attendance slump.

On the other hand, do not overlook the fact that in this same area, occupied and ministered to by one Catholic church may be, as in an instance I am personally acquainted with, more than forty Protestant churches. The total attendance for these Protestant churches, measured against the attendance of the one great church makes another picture. Also, the attendance at morning masses in the great church is compulsory, although that at the Sunday afternoon or evening vespers is not. It is inaccurate and misleading, therefore, to make sweeping comparisons of attendance.

We may regret that we have our Protestant divisions, but we may rejoice that the total Protestant attendance is not that of a single church, as of one denomination.



To every man who lives two lives

EVERY intelligent man lives two lives.

The first is his regular routine. It keeps him busy selling something, making something, *doing* something all day long—and at evening it picks him up and sends him home to rest until it's time to start again.

This life is filled with a man's daily work. In it, the task of earning a living is all-important.

But nearly every man lives a *second* life, as well. And this is a life filled with his ambitions and his dreams. In them, he sees himself as he *hopes* to be—a few years hence. He sees himself spending his later

years as he chooses—unhurried, contented, and financially secure.

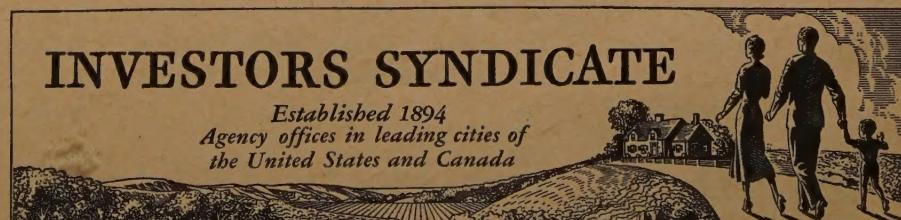
He sees himself, perhaps, actually fishing in waters which used to be no more than glamorous names. Or putting around a garden—tramping down a fairway—or simply contemplating the blueness of the sky from the depths of a hammock.

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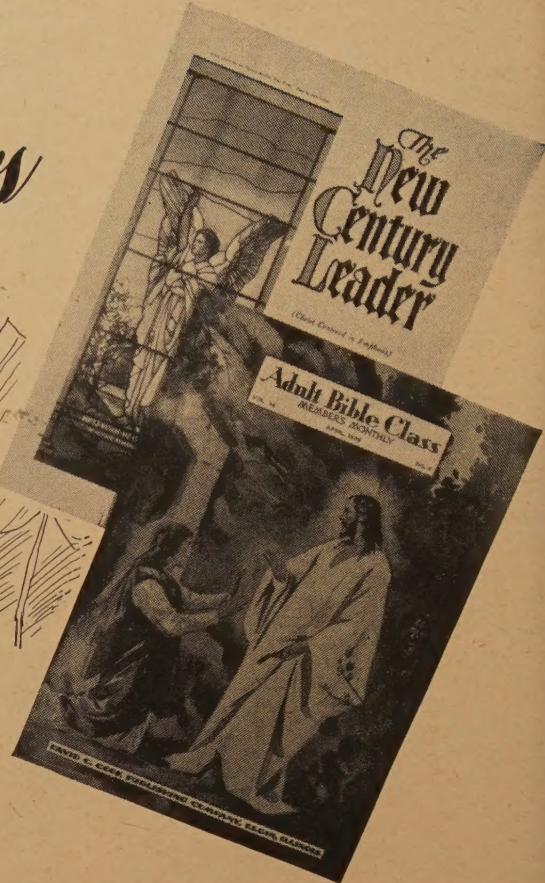
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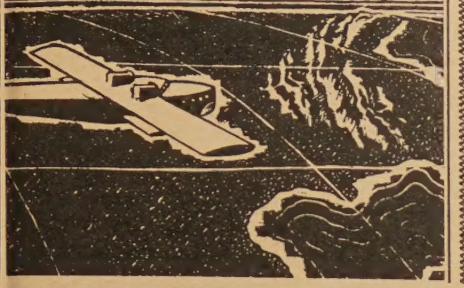
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

Stop, Look and Count

MEMORIAL Day is the day appointed by the President for us to stop whatever we're doing and remember the heroes of our American wars. That's good. They deserve remembrance, and a lot more. But wouldn't it be equally good to have a national Stop-And-Count-The-Cost-of-War Day?

We propose that, for we have been hearing a lot of loose talk about the "next" war, since Mr. Hitler got started. We are far enough away from the World War now to have forgotten it, and what it cost. Those in Europe haven't forgotten it; that's why they love the Englishman with the umbrella, who saved them at Munich.

But we in America never did suffer, during the War, as they suffered in Europe. So it is easy now for us to talk about putting Mr. Hitler in his place, without counting the cost. We could write the title of the war-song for this "inevitable war" right now: "Our Gallant Boys Are Putting Hitler In Hock." But I hate even to think of what it will cost, in good American lives, to do that.

Based on the cost of our other wars, this bill-for-heroes would come a bit high. Can anyone replace the Washington archives that were burned in

the war of 1812, or bring back the lives lost at New Orleans? That was the war we won in open battle and lost at the peace. (Said Will Rogers, "We never lost a war, or won a peace conference.")

Does anyone know yet what the Civil War cost the South? (It was General Grant himself who said that that War, at least, should never have been fought.)

We fought Spain and got Cuba and the Philippines—two prize national headaches. We fought Germany and got the island of Yap. Where's that? But then, we made the world safe for democracy. Or did we?

War may come; perhaps it is the only way, but we doubt it, since we've read Mr. Walther Funk's frenzied blast at us for our sin in suspending payment on Czechoslovak bank balances. Wars are won now with gold, not with shells. And they are paid for with gold—and human life.

No man buys a house without the money to pay for it. There is no sense in America's becoming embroiled in another World War—unless we are ready, beforehand, to count the cost and pay it. If more of us would think of that, we'd talk less wildly than we are talking now.

There are other ways than war. Why not try them first?

AT HOME

Correction, H. R. 11: An unfortunate error in our News editorial for April must be corrected. Basing his article on a misconception of H. R. 11, the editor of the News Digest of the Month stated that the Bill proposed to put "religious, charitable, scientific, humane and even literary institutions under the Social Security Act." This is not true. H. R. 11 specifically exempts religious institutions.

The confusion came in the editor's identifying H. R. 11 with another bill, which proposed an amendment to the Act which would have included such institutions. Tremendous opposition did indeed roll up in Washington against this proposed amendment, but many of the leaders of the opposition were also leaders in advocating the passage of H. R. 11.

Not wishing to jeopardize the work of those churchmen leading the fight for H. R. 11, to clarify their position and our own and in the interests of editorial truth, we acknowledge the error and offer this correction.

CHANGING COURT: Black, Reed, Frankfurter—and now William Orville Douglas, sixth youngest person ever to be appointed to the United States Supreme Court—these names prove that a deep change is coming over our highest tribunal. Each is decidedly "liberal."

And each of them, remember, will serve ten, fifteen or more years on that bench. Which means that the decisions of the Court for that length of time at least, will be liberal decisions. We make a mistake when we think of the Court in terms of any Administration; the effect of its work lies far in the future. These four new men will be handing down decisions fifteen or more years from now!

Mr. Douglas comes with an unusual equipment. Called the best law teacher in the country, he has done much research in corporation finance and business organization; certain to be called upon to settle problems involving these, he also has the benefit of years of experience as member and chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. In-

creasingly, during the next few years, the Supreme Court will handle economic questions; looming large in influencing the decisions of these questions will be William Orville Douglas, research scholar, keen-brained—and liberal.

MORAL WAR: On April 22, the day our treaty with the old Prague government ends, the United States will clamp down a twenty-five per cent duty on German goods imported into the country. That means something, for in 1938 we bought something over sixty million dollars worth of goods from the Nazis. The export business is important to the continued life of Nazidom: so important that Herr Hitler himself has said, "We must export or die."

Coupled with this act is the determined campaign being waged through the State Department to cut Nazi trade in Latin America. A one-hundred-twenty-million-dollar loan has gone to Brazil; other favors will be extended to the Latins south of us. It's a moral warfare against Germany.



Courtesy Kouchakji Brothers

The Great Chalice of Antioch, now owned by Fahim Kouchakji, wealthy importer of New York City. It is believed by archeologists to be the treasured Holy Grail. The Chalice consists of an inner cup and an elaborately carved open shell. The former may even have been the cup used at the Last Supper; the outer covering is reliably dated from the first century. It was found early in the present century, in ancient ruins at Antioch.

We cannot help but wonder why the same sort of moral warfare is not being waged against Japan, the Asian aggressor whose land-dreams are far bigger than Germany's. According to Dr. Walter Judd, over one-half of Japan's war necessities are coming from us.

SAILORMAN NO. 1: New and young, for the Navy, is the new Admiral just placed in command of our floating line of defense, Harold R. Stark. The name might have been appropriately spelled with an "o," for Admiral Stark stepped clear over the heads of ten ranking Admirals, Vice Admirals and Rear Admirals to relieve Admiral William D. Leahy.

If war should come, Stark will be in charge of the War Navy. His age, 59, finds him five full years away from compulsory retirement. He knows what war is; during the last one he won the Distinguished Service Medal for taking a flotilla of reconditioned destroyers from Philippine harbors to worry German and Austrian submarines in the Mediterranean.

SENATORIAL SECURITY: It costs a Senator (and a Congressman) much more, they say, to live in Washington than they are paid; they save "nothing." They get \$10,000 a year. They get \$10,000 more for clerk-hire (\$5,000 for Congressmen), the equivalent of \$1500 a year for postage bills, \$125 for stationery, free haircuts, shaves, phone calls (local) parking space, baths and gyms, some free medical care, all the free snuff they want (which hasn't been much, lately.) But they lose business connections back home, and there is no old-age security at all. The House sergeant-at-arms claims ninety per cent of them are dependent solely on their salaries.

Speaker Bankhead, and Senators Pittman, George, and Nye are pushing for pensions for the legislators. Pensions of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per year. The congressmen themselves, they say, could help pay them, as well as the taxpayers. They suggest a basis of twenty-five years service as first pension requirement.

On that basis, only five senators and eight representatives would be immediate-

ly eligible. Not many stay twenty-five years. They expect action on their suggestion, either this year or next.

Next, we may expect to hear pension demands from those who were defeated for Senate and House. They may be more deserving than some of the elected ones at that.

ROYALTY ON TOUR: Who says we have no use for Kings, Crown Prince and all that, in America? Cast your eye over the list of European Royalty scheduled to visit us this year:

The King and Queen of England visit us on June 8; The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway arrive on April 27, two days after them will come the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. Eamon DeValera (not royal, we think) will be in Washington on May 8, and among those who may come are King Zog of Albania and President Lebrun (democrat?) of France. And it seems only yesterday that we interviewed the amiable Crown Prince of Sweden for *Christian Herald*.

Here's an off-the-record tip for you on the visit of England's King: the British Embassy has turned a cold thumbsdown on President Roosevelt's suggestion that the King offer a "Britain-brings-you-greetings" sort of speech over the radio.

Many a diplomat sees a further sealing of the American-British alliance in the visit. And *Cavalcade*, British news magazine, claims: "One outcome of the royal visit will be a return visit by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt to Buckingham Palace."

Maybe so. But we doubt that.

BIRTHDAY: The American Legion is twenty years old; another year, and it can vote. Even at twenty, the Legion is voting unofficially for a lot of good whole-some ideas.

Time was when we were all afraid the Legion was going political; when, which was worse, we all hated to see the playboys and the drunken element of the Legion come to town to hold a Convention and tear the town apart. Perhaps we missed the better Legionnaire who spent long hours hammering out the constructive platform on which the organization has moved up to occupy an honored spot in American life.

Today the Legion is our front-line defense against the un-American isms that threaten our democracy; it stands for healthy American Americanism. Two of their Past Commanders stand in line for the 1940 Democratic nomination for the Presidency: Bennett Clark and Paul McNutt.

We hail the Legion. Long may it prosper. May its playboys, who do it no good, become fewer and fewer, its better leaders more and more. Where they lead the Legion, bigotry and intolerance and un-American practices stand a poor chance.

WE NOTE: Fourteen leading Protestant editors and churchmen have formed a committee to force investigation of atrocities committed by Franco in Spain against the Church. . . . A group of American Negro Churches has formed an organization called "The Crusaders" to combat crime among colored youth. . . . The North Carolina legislature has exempted Bibles from the state's general sales ta-

LONDON: At last the lion roars. Patient to a degree seldom seen in England, the British have sacrificed much for peace, and have taken a lion's share of the blame. But now, clearly, unmistakably, Chamberlain has spoken; he has pledged England's word that England and France will fight if Hitler crosses the border of Poland.

For the first time Britain stands squarely committed to fight. Britain has had enough. But even while he speaks in terms unequivocal, Chamberlain leaves the door open for Mr. Hitler to settle without resort to war. He makes almost an open gift of Danzig and the Polish corridor; but there, he says, Nazi aggression must stop. We have a feeling that it will.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech stops the long retreat of the democracies. Assured of the help of la belle France, encouraged by the outspoken President of the United States, he has crossed the diplomatic Rubicon. Now it is up to Germany either to stop or deliberately throw a world into war. The world doesn't want war. The German people do not want it. Italy and Japan do not want it, all blustering to the contrary.

Let this, in fairness, be said: what Germany has taken was once Germany's. What is left to be taken was never hers. Here it should stop—and here it must. Der Führer may talk a lot more, but he will hesitate to fight. He has too much to lose—now that a determined world is against him.

ROME: Italy, says Il Duce, will not tolerate the continued status of a "prisoner in the Mediterranean." He demands the freedom of that sea. The rest of the world is perplexed as to just how free that sea would be if Il Duce were to rule its waves.

There is, however, some justice in Mussolini's demands—more justice than we can see in the demands of Germany. Italy sends a lot of shipping through the Suez Canal; if her voice in the management of that Canal were proportionate to the tonnage of her shipping, it would be a much larger voice than it is now. Much as we hate to see a Mussolini encouraged, it seems to us little short of ridiculous that the lives of American youth should be sacrifice in a war to help save the face of French politicians who face Italy in Tunisia and Suez. We pulled some chestnuts out of the European fire in 1918—and about all we got for it was some good first-degree burns.

Now Italy has Albania. While we abhor Mussolini's method, we think this seizure is not to be compared with Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, et al; Italy was promised Albania at Versailles; the tiny country has been almost a protectorate of Mussolini for years. The domination of the Fascists was expected; the only question was not *if*, but *when* would Mussolini take it. But the bitter question still unanswered is: what next? Greece? Yugoslavia? Is this Albanian adventure only a feint to distract our attention from Hitler—and the Poles?

TOKYO: The wily Jap is becoming suspicious of his bedfellows. In rather undiplomatic language, Japan has refused to offer herself as 100 per cent ally to Italy and Germany in case of a European war. She will become a part of the unholy alliance only in case of a war with Russia, which would threaten her people and her land.

With Italy suspicious of Germany, and with Japan suspicious of both Italy and Germany, and with England, France and America taking a firm stand at last, it may be that the heyday of the dictators is over. This had to happen. Thieves always fall out. When they get to quarreling with each other, anything may happen—and usually does.

We may get peace without war, after all.

CAIRO: Ten months ago a girl in Cairo became engaged to a man in Iran; they didn't see each other until last week, when they were married. The bride: seventeen-year-old Princess Fawzia of Egypt. The groom: nineteen-year-old Crown Prince Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, son of Persia's king. They met aboard a yacht on the River Nile; they will be really married only after the second ceremony, to be performed late in April in Iran.

London likes the marriage. London buys much oil for British ships in Iran, and Egypt lines the Suez Canal. Further, the marriage brings together two rival religious sects—the Shiites of Iran and the Sunnites of Egypt. It joins two great sections of the Moslem world. It may be a love marriage; it certainly is a good marriage, politically.

SPAIN: An old woman hurried down a Madrid alley with a bundle of wood on her shoulders; it was, she told an American reporter, the first wood she had been able to get hold of, for her fireplace, since Madrid was first besieged. She wept for joy. Madrid had fallen. The war was over.

Madrid cheered the entry of the Franco victors—and why not? They were hungry, cold, nervous wrecks. They thought peace had come. But has it? Now begins another war—a diplomatic war, or conceivably even another war of arms—to see whether Germany or Italy shall dominate Spain. Neither of them fought in Spain for the love of fighting. There will be demands. Franco's troubles are only beginning. It is not impossible that, having served his purpose, he will be pushed out of the picture altogether.

Italy certainly could use a base in Spain, in her flight from the status of Mediterranean prisoner. And Hitler, we hear, counts upon using it as a base for his South American push. Spain may find even the ashes of the war snatched from her by the allies who helped her.

RUMANIA: Arrived at a point within seventy-five miles of Rumania, Herr Hitler sent an ultimatum to King Carol. It was an economic ultimatum: a demand that all Rumanian oil and wheat be traded hereafter for German manufactures—or else. Desperate, assured of no more help than Czechoslovakia was assured of, Rumania gave in, agreed to surrender her wheat and oil lest she be forced to sur-

render a great deal more than that politically.

It may be an agreement to be carried through—and it may not be. That depends on France and England. Assured of that, Carol will certainly resist any further Nazi encroachments. Lacking it, he is trapped. In the interim, he has called half a million soldiers to guard his western frontier.

If it is to be not war but peace, the battleground will be either Poland or Rumania.

INDIA: Into Delhi rolled a stream of luxurious Maharajahs' automobiles: gold-plated, gleaming, bullet-proof sports models and sedans. These were India's Croesus-princes, coming in to the annual meeting of the Indian Chamber of Princes.

Next day Lord Linlithgow scolded them, told them to stop squandering the people's money on sports-automobiles, to reform their governments, to spend as much time at home as they did at Cannes, Biarritz and Paris. Why the scolding? Prime reason: a little brown man named Ghandi, who has no use for gold-plated limousines, had just forced reforms in the state of Rajkot against such squandering.

The British are wise. Never will there be peace in India until the awful gulf between maharajahs' luxury and the people's unutterable poverty is bridged by intelligent, farsighted economic and social reform. The reform seems close.

MOSCOW: Left out in the cold at Munich, Russia has the last laugh now. France and England must come to her, she says; she is not obligated to go to them. And France and England need Russia, badly. What will Russia do? There's the nub of it.

For the present, Russia will do nothing but watchfully wait. Why should she? Japan has her hands full with China, Hitler is getting more and more tangled up in Central Europe, like a dachshund chasing his own tail; John Bull and France have more than their share of the worries. Russia can wait.

A despatch from able Walter Duranty, who knows his Russia, has it that the Russians are saying to themselves: "Germany can't hurt us and we know it and Germany knows it. So we will see what the French and British offer. And then it is for us to choose. But Japan is another story, which may not end well for Japan.

Once this editor saw a snake in Singapore; a snake that had swallowed a young deer, horns, hoofs and all. He got the deer down all right—but then he burst. That can happen, internationally speaking, in Europe. When it does, Russia will stand smilingly by and watch the bursting and say, "Uh-huh. I thought so. I told you so!"

EIRE: They have just taken a census in Eire. Findings: Eire has the highest percentage of unmarried men and women in the world; the ratio of females to males is falling; there is a sharp decline in rural births. Yet the Irish live longer than most other nationalities; there are

nearly twice as many elderly people in Eire, for each 100 of the population between fifteen and sixty-four, as there are in the United States, about one-third more than there are in England.

Some Irish say that is because of the climate and the slow tempo of life on the Emerald Isle. But it is really, we imagine, due to the late marriages that are bringing the birth-rate down. Then there are more doctors, to keep them alive longer. At any rate, what is true of Ireland is true of the rest of the world. The theory of the famous Dr. Malthus, that there would come a time when we would all starve because there was too much population and too little food, just isn't working out. And it may be good that it isn't.

PARIS: Paris took another blow to the chin last month: the Japanese have taken the Spratly Islands, 247 acres of coral reefs in the Pacific. It is a great loss to France and the democracies, great gain to Japan.

With possession of these islands, Japan now has an almost complete ring of fortifications and bases around the Philippines. It isolates Hong Kong for the British, puts the Japanese within easy reach of the Dutch East Indies and blocks further approach to the new Japanese Empire. They are of no commercial value, being a coral reef on which many a ship has been wrecked.

Japan is safe in seizing them; they take their land at an opportune moment, when France is preoccupied with problems in Europe. The statesmen of Paris will likely protest, and forget it.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: The Methodists now are one. Split for too many years into three main branches, the Kansas City Uniting Conference has at last merged them, and from now on we will be hearing of the Methodist Church, not of three separate Methodisms. It is the denominational event of the century.

Most important development thus far is the rearranging the ten-million-dollar publishing agencies of the three churches. A new setup of these agencies has been completed. One Book Editor will be chosen to edit all books brought out under the Methodist imprint. And there will be one big weekly paper for the whole Church: "The Methodist." This will supplant the southern *Christian Advocate*, The Methodist Protestant *Recorder*, and the New York *Christian Advocate*. Its editors will be drawn from the staffs of the papers it replaces. With a potential church market of half a million, it should be a good paper.

LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE: One of the most valuable and efficient inter-denominational bodies now at work in American Protestantism is the Lord's Day Alliance. Organized for the "preservation and extension of the first day of the week as a time set apart for rest, worship, religious education and the service of God," the Alliance is now in the midst of a campaign to raise a \$250,000 endowment fund.

With all our hearts we wish it success; such crusaders deserve encouragement.

Led by one of the most aggressively gallant Christian soldiers we know, Dr. Harry A. Bowlby, the Alliance has done yeoman service for years in protecting the Christian Sabbath against the vicious attacks of money-mad commercialists, pleasure-mad paganism and those of us who are just criminally careless about the sanctity of the Lord's Day. When we lose the meaning of Sunday, our democracy—and our democratic liberties—will suffer. And something tells us that we would have lost much of it, in the last fifty years, had it not been for the Alliance.

PRESBYTERIANS: The Presbyterian General Assembly gets under way at Cleveland on May 25th. Among the main items up for discussion will be the proposed union with the Protestant Episcopal Church. That union, in spite of all that has been said against it, may not be far off.



Courtesy World's Fair, 1939

Thirty-six of the greatest buildings at the New York World's Fair are being reproduced in scale models for blind children to "see" with their fingers. Above, John Zawotski of Passaic Memorial School, New Jersey, is adding the last touches of paint to the Temple of Religion

Some Episcopalian there are who feel that the historic attitude of their Church on such matters as Apostolic Succession, the Church, etc., stand squarely in the way of union; some Presbyterians there are who feel that their Calvanistic theology must suffer not one jot or one tittle in surrender for the sake of merger. But there are many others who see enough common ground between the two great communions for at least a first friendly discussion. Fifty years ago, says Stated Clerk Dr. Pugh of Philadelphia, representatives of the two communions spoke of the subject with caution and reserve. There is a different spirit now.

Calvin and Apostolic Succession may be important, but an efficient Church is far more important.

BAPTISTS: King Carol and his helpers offer no letup against the Rumanian Baptists. Officials of the Rumanian Baptist Union have been advised by the Ministry of Cults that no changes are contemplated in last year's restrictive decree which re-

sulted in the closing of Baptist churches and prayer-houses throughout the country.

Only churches able to furnish the signatures of the heads of fifty families will be permitted to reopen. The Baptists will, however, be permitted to hold funeral services, conduct marriage ceremonies, celebrate the Lord's Supper and baptize their communicants. The net result of the decree, after all, may work unexpected good: it may force the Baptists into fewer and stronger churches.

Here at home, the Southern Baptists are planning a revival in every Baptist Church in the eighteen states of the Southern Baptist Conference. Twelve thousand out of the 28,000 churches in the conference failed to have a revival meeting in 1938, and that was stimulus enough for this revival-loving Church. Theirs is a five-year plan, calculated to rouse evangelistic fervor and to place a Sunday School in every church and community of the South, as well as to strengthen those already at work.

LUTHERANS: We reported two months back that there was a doctrinal hurdle between the American Lutherans and the United Lutherans, keeping them apart in their discussions on joining their forces. Now we report that they have taken the hurdle, and find themselves a long step nearer union.

The question was one of Biblical infallibility. The statement on which they agree is this: "By virtue of a unique operation of the Holy Spirit by which He supplied to the Holy Writers content and fitting word, the separate books of the Bible are related to one another, and taken together constitute a complete, errorless, unbreakable whole of which Christ is the center."

Three large bodies of Lutherans—the United, American and Missouri Synod bodies—contain more than 3,500,000 of the 4,800,000 Lutherans in the United States. They stand in a fair way now, with this agreement of doctrinal statement to work on, to overcome the open disagreement which has separated them. We look for big Lutheran news in 1939.

Added impetus has been given in the coordination of the activity of nearly 400 Lutheran welfare agencies throughout the country; they are now one body, known as the National Lutheran Welfare of the National Lutheran Council. Rev. Dr. Clarence E. Krumbholz of New York is the new Director.

PREACHERS AND PARI-MUTUEL: Seldom if ever before has the Garden State of New Jersey been roused by the preachers as it is being roused right now. Incensed at the proposal to legalize pari-mutuel race-track betting, led by politics-wise Dr. Lester Clee, (erstwhile State Senator, candidate for Governor and pastor, Second Presbyterian Church, Newark,) the preachers are stumping the state talking to mass-meetings and getting out the church vote. So far over 1000 sermons have been preached in the regular church services, in addition to the mass meetings.

Clee is the man to do it. Whatever we may think of preachers going into politics, in this case at least the experience in leg-

islative halls of this parson will help the church forces mightily to win their fight. Indications are that the proposition will be defeated when the voters vote, on June 20th.

Incidentally, we have an impression that other states than Jersey will do well to fight the pari-mutuel evil. It is not only bad for church collections; it is a positive threat to Christian character, which is far worse.

EPISCOPALIANS: The Episcopalians are working on a rarely interesting plan of religious survey. A concentrated study will be made of the churches in one State—Kansas. Rev. Thomas L. Harris will make a state-wide tour of what the Episcopalians consider “a typical American State” (not a typical prairie State!), confer with church leaders and laymen, and out of it all determine future policies of the Protestant Episcopal Church in other areas. The study, says Bishop Tucker, arises out of “a changing world order with its new demands and opportunities,” and the need for more intelligent support for the program of the churches.

CLERGY AND WAR: Speaking in Philadelphia, peppery General Smedley Butler fired a broadside at the clergy: “We leaned on the churches last time to keep us out of war, and most of them became recruiting offices. The ministers have been ashamed of it ever since. War is a racket. Let the ministers have the courage to point out in the congregation by name those who are making profits out of the slaughter of youths.” He went on to justify war—in defense of your home.

A few days later, a bewilderingly impressive list of names, containing those of one hundred of America’s best-known preachers, went on record in an “Affirmation of Christian Pacifist Faith,” saying they had no other choice than to be pacifists and refuse to sanction or participate in war. That includes, we take it, “defensive” war.

We are not being facetious, we think, when we wonder if the fiery Marine General didn’t blink a little at having such men take his challenge so quickly—and so literally!

TEMPERANCE

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION: The new seventy-nine-year-old Governor of Michigan, Luren D. Dickinson, has signed his first bill. It is an act of the Michigan legislature making the teaching of temperance mandatory in the state’s public schools. Governor Dickinson is also president of Michigan’s Anti-Saloon League, and teacher of a Bible class at Charlotte.

Asked by some well-meaning citizens for Sunday appointments, the Governor has replied: “I’ve been in business of various kinds for sixty years and I’ve never seen the time when it had to be done on Sunday. State business is the same way.”

Here is a Governor who will be a Governor. And here at last is temperance education as it should have been in every state in the Union fifty years ago.

SCIENTIFIC?: When ye editor was a boy, he liked to read *Scientific American*; it was a good magazine. But last month, under the heading, “Sociological,” the *Scientific (?) American* said that repeal has been a sociological boon; “has promoted temperance;” “has dealt the underworld a staggering blow;” and “by affording personal freedom of action in regard to liquor has given the people more chances to express their individuality, which will redound to the benefit of all.”

Great Heavens! We wonder whether the man who wrote this ever reads the newspapers. And we wonder what’s happened to the science of the *Scientific American*.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

If Hague had to live under a Hitler or our Communists tried to claim their liberties under a Stalin then they might learn the truth of Jesus' statement that “with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.”—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

The religion of our fathers is one of the great elements in the stability of our lives. It can’t be run on yesterday’s push. If it’s going to be important tomorrow, its promotion is youth’s charge.—Dr. Albert W. Beaven.

Maintenance of democracy and its extension into new fields is the chief moral problem confronting church people today.—Dr. Dwight Bradley.

The Sunday School can never do the whole job of Christian education. . . . If the Church’s work of Christian education is to be a success, there must be a new understanding of what Christian education is.—Dr. Daniel A. McGregor.

Theaters are largely filled and churches are largely emptied because actors treat fiction as fact, while many preachers treat fact as fiction.—Jack Troup, Scotland.

This age that does not want the blood of Calvary is an age of murderers above all other ages.—Dr. Will H. Houghton.

What we seem to be, the world knows. What we really are, we alone know. What we can be God alone knows—and has revealed in Christ.—Dr. D. L. Warmouth.

TENNESSEE: Narrowly, by a vote of 17 to 16, the dry forces of Tennessee have beaten back a bill in the legislature which planned to repeal the state prohibition law. Scarcely ever in the history of the whole national temperance movement has there been such a prolonged and persistent campaign of law defiance and misrepresentation as that carried on for the last six years in Tennessee by the dominant wet dictators of Memphis and Shelby County; never before have the wets poured out their money to beat the expressed will of the people.

And ponder this: coolly, brazenly, the wets have repudiated their own pledge to

the people, made in the last campaign, that any repeal bill would carry with it a referendum clause requiring popular approval before it could become operative. Mr. Hitler would make a good playmate for the wets; their promises are of the same stripe.

COP AND COMMISSIONER: Thursday night, we heard a State Trooper of New Jersey lecture; asked from the floor whether drunken driving had increased or decreased since repeal, he replied, “I’m not sure, but I think it has decreased.”

But next morning I picked up a paper and read the words of Motor Vehicle Commissioner Magee, to the effect that drunken drivers and drunken pedestrians were responsible for one-fifth of last year’s auto deaths in Jersey.

That may be a decrease, Trooper, but it’s not enough of a decrease for some of us. Not enough, when we go on to read that out of the eighty-six killed in drunken accidents, only nineteen were drunken drivers; the innocent dead included forty-four sober passengers, twenty-one sober pedestrians and two sober drivers.

HERE AND THERE: The thirty-seventh International Christian Endeavor Convention meets in Cleveland in July, Dr. Dan Poling in the chair. . . . Dr. James H. Leuba reports a survey of bankers, businessmen, lawyers, writers, on religious questions. He discovered that only fifty percent of the business men believe in God, seventy percent were doubtful on immortality. He doesn’t say how many he queried, nor how; we’d like to know more about that. . . . Italy is reported to be setting up a schismatic church in Ethiopia. . . . Chinese government officials announce that they will now permit religious education in the schools; this is of signal importance to missionary work.

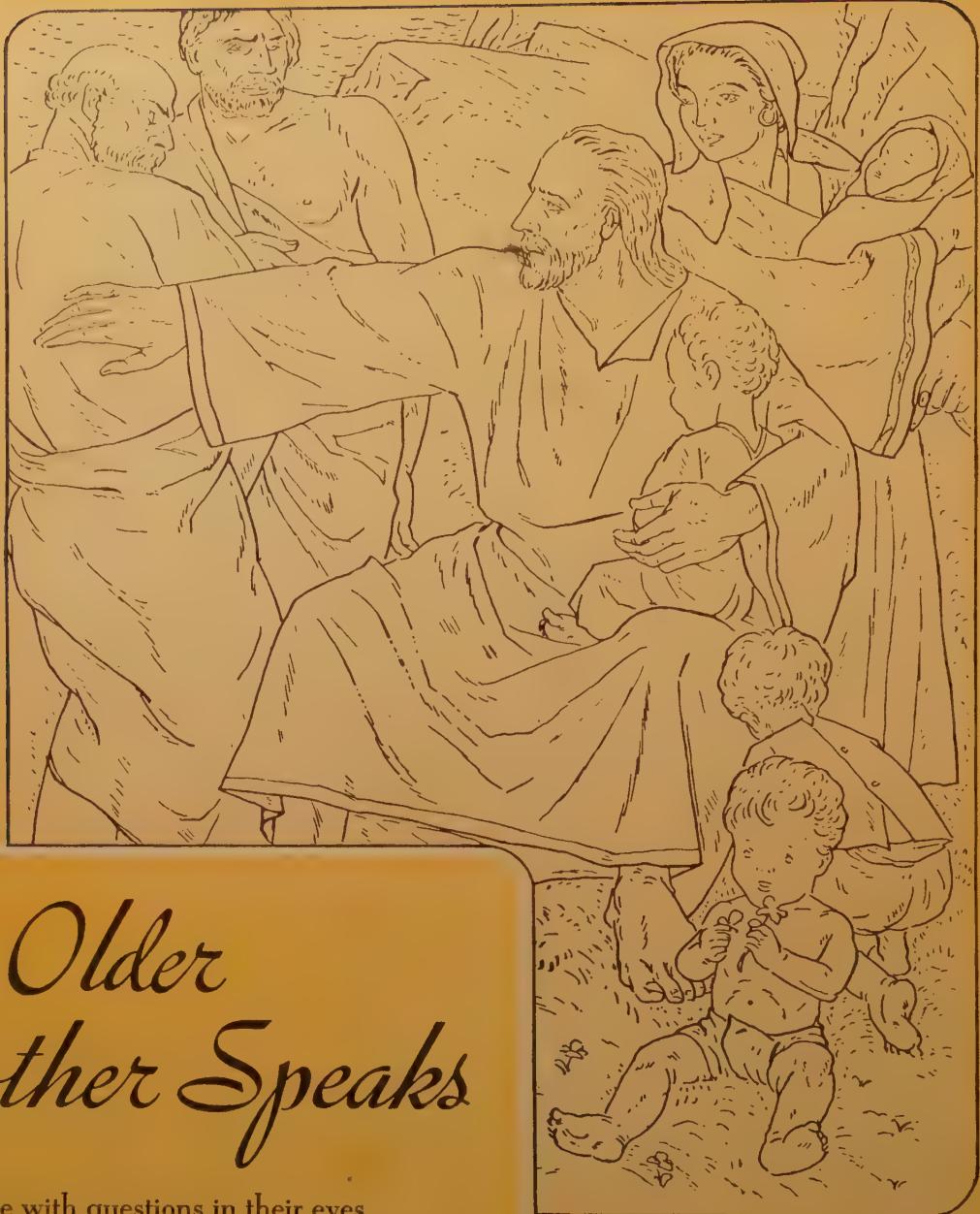
LABOR

Those who are forever asking (from the outside) why the churches “don’t get together” might find food for thought in the efforts of our two great labor groups to get together; it happens everywhere, and not only in the Church. Met yesterday in a seven-hour confab to find a basis for rejoining the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., the wranglers labored and produced not even a mouse.

John L. Lewis roars at the A. F. of L. “hide-bound aristocrats.” A. F. of L., when it comes its turn to speak, bewails “bitterness, prejudice and name-calling;” it’s a deadlock. Neither group will give an inch.

Far be it from us to say which is right. Probably there is error on both sides. And probably there will be no peace, in spite of all their pleas for it, until one or the other gets the upper hand. Will labor be any better off, then? Would one big union be ideal, or would it be a Frankenstein, devouring the very thing labor wants?

It may be better to keep things as they are. Out of conflict comes progress; a lockstep is no more desirable here than elsewhere.



An Older Mother Speaks

They come to me with questions in their eyes,
These mothers of small daughters and small sons,
They tell me of their longing to be wise
In rearing their own precious little ones.
And I who have lived longer, far, than they,
Who understand their seeking hearts so well,
Look backward through the long years that I may
Find something wise and beautiful to tell.

And always there is God. I speak of Him.
Without His help no mother's heart could bear
The anxious hours, the swift bright days abrim
With grave responsibility and care.
And if I had no other word to give,
After the winding roadways I have trod,
This would be my message: While you live,
O dear young mothers, give your children God.

*By Grace
Nell Crowell*

May

1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Windsor
Castle, one of the palace residences
frequently occupied by the royal family,
including, of course, the little Princesses

REAL CHILDREN in a Palace

By HELEN WELSHIMER

IF YOU should walk into a certain shop on Regent Street in London, someone will be almost certain to tell you about the day that Dowager Queen Mary came into the store to make a purchase.

She wasn't alone. The most important little girl in the world was with her, as she often is. The Dowager Queen is a slow and careful shopper. The sales people will tell you that, too. Therefore, they didn't pay much attention when the little girl in the black beret shifted from one low-heeled brogue to the other.

"Hurry, please do, Grandmother," the child begged at last.

"Yes, Elizabeth," the Dowager Queen answered in the kind of voice that even Royalty use when they are agreeing and not meaning it at all.

Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth Alexandria Mary, heir presumptive to the British throne, spoke again.

"Grandmother, aren't you nearly ready now?"

The Queen caught the insistent undertone. "What is your hurry, Elizabeth?" she asked.

The small princess tried to be very matter-of-fact. After all, when you are going to rule hundreds of millions of subjects some day, you must keep up the appearance of taking everything in your stride. "Well, there are a lot of people outside waiting to cheer me when I come out," Princess Elizabeth answered.

She told a larger truth than she knew. All Great Britain is waiting to cheer Elizabeth when the time comes for her to put the golden crown with its pearl diadems on her curly blonde head. If you have an idea lurking in a corner of your mind that England may put a padlock on Buckingham Palace and treat the Windsors like any other good, respectable English family, you should talk to the English people.

"What do you think of Princess Elizabeth?" I asked the tram conductor, a street sweeper, a Lady Something-or-

Other who was making a political speech on a small town square, a millionaire manufacturer and the butler who opened his big front door.

They beamed. "She's a charming, democratic, happy little girl."

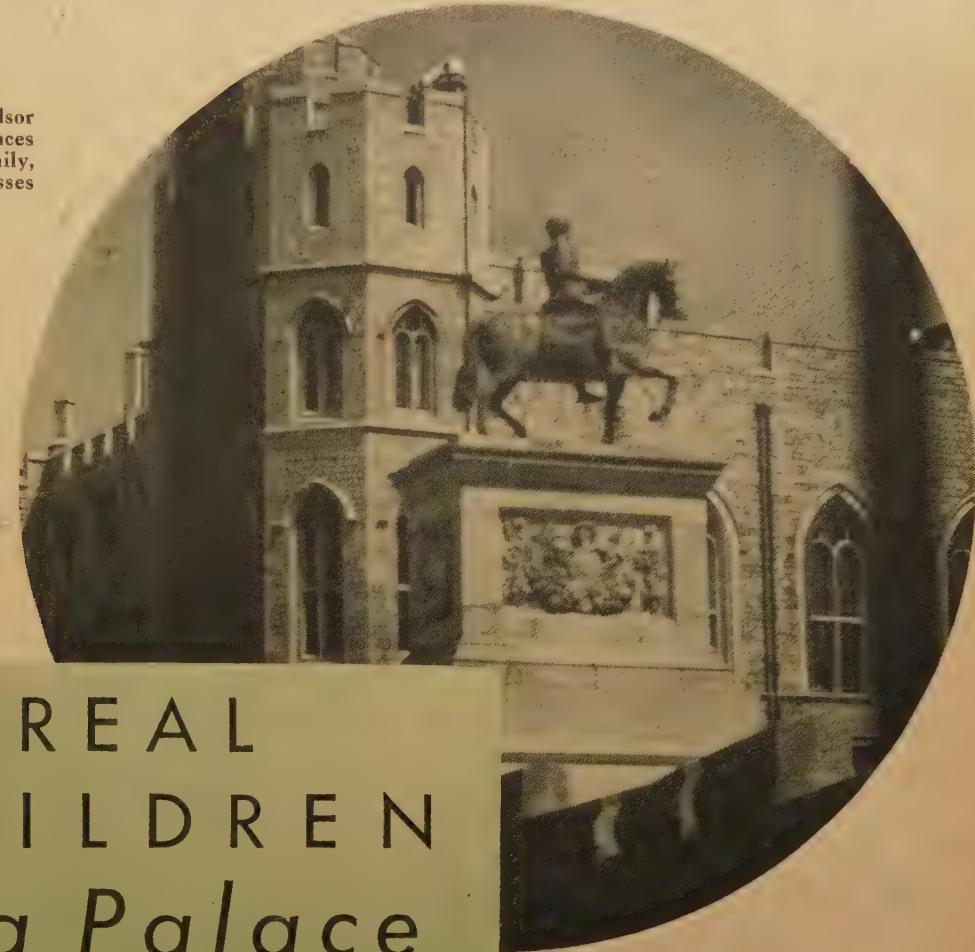
"She has every grace of royalty," said the Lady Something-or-Other. "She's being trained as a gentlewoman first, then as a future queen."

"She's not above shaking me hand," said a workman.

How would you prepare a little girl to be Queen, "by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and of all the British Dominions beyond the seas, Queen, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India"? How would you keep her natural and unspoiled, at the same time emphasizing her high calling? And how could you see that she had fun? Even more important how would you induce a great nation to love her?

England does love her princesses, you see. Last Christmas the children of the Empire begged that Elizabeth—not just the King!—should bring greetings over the radio. Undoubtedly the small girls' training is highly successful. Certainly it is simple. The gracious rules of Christian living are its basis.

Elizabeth follows a more pretentious



schedule of education than her eight-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose. A princess who is going to be queen has much more to learn than one who will merely marry a nice young nobleman when she grows up.

Against the backdrop of conflict today it is refreshing to know that two little princesses with yellow curls—Elizabeth's curls are natural but Margaret Rose's need help—are growing up in a big white castle where soldiers in bright red coats and black busbys stand guard. It is quieting to know that they have prayers at bedtime, Bible stories, and a belief in Heaven that is as genuine as yours and mine.

Let's get the set-up for the children's story first. England is spending \$1,715,000,000 annually for rearming, as a protective measure. Forty million gas masks are stored in the government depots and people everywhere are being fitted for gas protectors. Seven booklets, issued by the Home Office, are on sale at all the stationery stores. They tell people what to do during air raids. Furthermore, 600,000 wardens, volunteers in the A.R.P., (Air Raid Precautions) have orders what to do if the shining death bombs come singing through the country, or lethal gas spreads poisonous sweetness on the damp, fresh air.

Those who are close to the Royal family say that Princess Elizabeth is aware of this. She knows that the great map, which, with a blackboard, is her school room's only adornment, can't keep its boundaries straight.

It is composed, unlike ours, mainly of the poorer girls. Both princesses have joined it and are specially interested in work among the invalid members.

You probably saw the pictures in the newspapers, not long ago, when the Royal family, children included, shook hands with 1,000 Girl Guides, while the Grenadiers' Band played gaily, at Windsor Castle. Should you meet Elizabeth when she is in costume you would notice the white stripe on the pocket of her blue cotton tunic, which means she is second in command of eight girls . . . eight girls who compose her own First Buckingham Palace Company. She is learning to make beds, tie knots, and play in



On these two pages are the two lovely little girls who are the daughters of England's King and Queen. One of them, Princess Elizabeth, will one day be Queen in her own right. At the left is Princess Elizabeth, seated, and in her lap is Princess Margaret Rose. Above is Margaret Rose alone, and on the facing page another picture of Princess Elizabeth.

a tent. She pays four cents a week from her own limited pocket money, for stationery, signaling flags and other needed materials.

Elizabeth doesn't like mathematics, so the Queen thinks the little girl's job of computing all expenses for the troop is excellent training. That four cents seems small com-

pared with the annual income of Elizabeth, which now is \$30,000. When she reaches twenty-one, it will be raised to \$75,000. But at the moment, a penny looms as big in her life, as it does in the hand of any untitled child—bigger, maybe, for many children receive quarters and dollars!

Mrs. Mark Kerr, International Commissioner of Girl Guides in Great Britain, spoke warmly of the two small girls at the Palace. She thinks it is a happy prophecy for Great Britain that there are these two lovely little royal children to wear the blue Guide uniform.

"It means a great deal to the nation today that Princess Elizabeth, on whom unconsciously many children of the country are modeling themselves, should be a Guide," she stated. "It will mean far more to the future of Great Britain to have a Queen who has made the Guide promise and adopted the ten Guide Laws as her rule of life."

Quite plainly, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are not sitting in an ivory tower, embroidering silken pillow-slips!

But let's pass the guards and knock at the big front door of the palace itself. I wanted to find out, as maybe you do, too, how the princesses live and sleep and study, and what they eat.

And I discovered from every source—and the sources were legion—that the small girls are happy because they have parents who like them personally as well as love them officially. King George VI may not be the most brilliant ruler who ever went to the House of Commons at Parliament's summons, and Queen Elizabeth isn't another Marie of Rumania, but they are mighty successful parents. They take the children walking, on picnics, into the country. They accompany them

She has observed that monarchs have been tumbling from their squeaky old thrones these last few years, and knows that she and Peter II of Yugoslavia, fifteen-year-old king, must love and understand their people if they want to remain seated at an exalted level.

Therefore, the crusading democracy of Edward, Duke of Windsor, has come to the fore again in this little girl who will be Queen. She is keenly interested in the working people. England has an organization known as the Girl Guides, which corresponds to our Girl Scouts, for instance.

to church and hear their prayers. They tell them stories. When they make public appearances the two princesses often are present. This is a preparation for their own leadership at some future time.

Not long ago the Queen addressed a benefit meeting for England's blind. Other speeches followed hers. She listened for a little while. Then she said:

"I'd like to stay longer but I have two little girls at home who are waiting for their mother to say goodnight to them."

Queen Elizabeth's hours, from five to seven, each day belong to the children. She talks to them or plays with them in their nursery, often. At seven the princesses have dinner and soon after eight they are asleep—or supposed to be.

Heaven is as real to small Margaret Rose as France or Holland. Not long ago her pony, Peggy, died. Somebody asked her about the pet.

"She died," the gray-eyed princess an-

swered, very gravely. "Peggy is dead."



"Where is she now?" the adult inquisitor pursued the subject.

Margaret Rose looked at him pityingly. Her eyes said that he was very old not to know. "Peggy is in Heaven with Jesus." Her face was thoughtful, then it brightened. "I wouldn't be surprised if Jesus is riding Peggy. If He is, He'll like her a lot better than that donkey."

Margaret Rose, by the way, isn't without a steed. She now rides Princess Elizabeth's former pony, Snowball, while Elizabeth has attained the maturity of a horse. Her white mount is one of the four which King Saudi, of Arabia, sent her

father as a coronation gift. The Duke of Gloucester, brother of George VI and a great horseman, is teaching the little girls to ride.

Incidentally one of the most important subjects on the curriculum which the princesses study in their schoolroom, in the nursery flat at Buckingham Palace, is the Scriptures.

Let's drop by that schoolroom. It has no clock. Nothing but chairs and desks for the two children and their governess and teacher, Miss Marion Crawford. There are white bars on the windows, placed there years ago, when there were princes, as well as princesses, among the palace children.

School opens at nine every morning. At a quarter of eleven fifteen minutes recess is allowed in the gardens. It closes at half-past twelve.

Here Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are being educated with a sterner schedule than any princesses ever before have had to follow. They have reading, writing, arithmetic and the other accepted subjects, of course. They have geography which goes deep into nations and their resources. They must learn to read and speak—fluently, too—several languages.

They study political and economic history, the story of the Empire, the British constitution and its theory. They concentrate on world history and current events.

An adult, desiring a high degree, would have an easier course prescribed than the two blonde daughters of the King must study.

However, the children are getting ready to be gracious women as well as national emblems. All the careful precision of marrying princesses, with brothers for kings, is given in their curriculum. Some things they do for fun, too.

Elizabeth loves to "collect." She keeps an original scrapbook to which she adds history material of her own each week. Here she pastes photographs and stories about all the other royal children in Europe. Any child who is proud of her relationship with other royalty will want to preserve peace with them. Elizabeth has traced each lineage, and knows whether this or that child is a nearer cousin.

Elizabeth also collects agates and pebbles, which she finds on the rocks of Scotland and mounts for jewelry.

If you spend any time at all around London you are almost certain to see Dowager Queen Mary and her two granddaughters on the street somewhere. Maybe they've been to Hampton Court or the Tower of London. It might be Westminster Abbey. Or perhaps to the zoo or a pantomime. The Dowager Queen is taking the children on weekly educational tours to historic places, but she adds hours of amusement, too. They usually do their sightseeing on Monday.

You'll know the trio if you meet them. Queen Mary's hat sat grandiloquently on top of her silver hair long before the milliners decreed that a hat should be worn high. The children will be wearing black berets—or carrying them.

They will be walking very straight, too, the way you and I were taught a princess should walk. This isn't a chance happening. The daughters of the King must stand most of the time while reciting their lessons. They can't slump, or sit down to rest between assignments. They are born to be queens—one of them is, anyway—and queens must stand very tall as they receive long lines of people. They are practising.

Two afternoons a week Princess Elizabeth puts on an overall and goes into the kitchen at Buckingham Palace, where Rene Roussin, the chief chef, instructs her. She's a good pupil, he says. She can bake currant cakes and Scottish scones which are so delicious that the King and Queen often serve them to their guests at tea. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are present generally to watch the enjoyment.

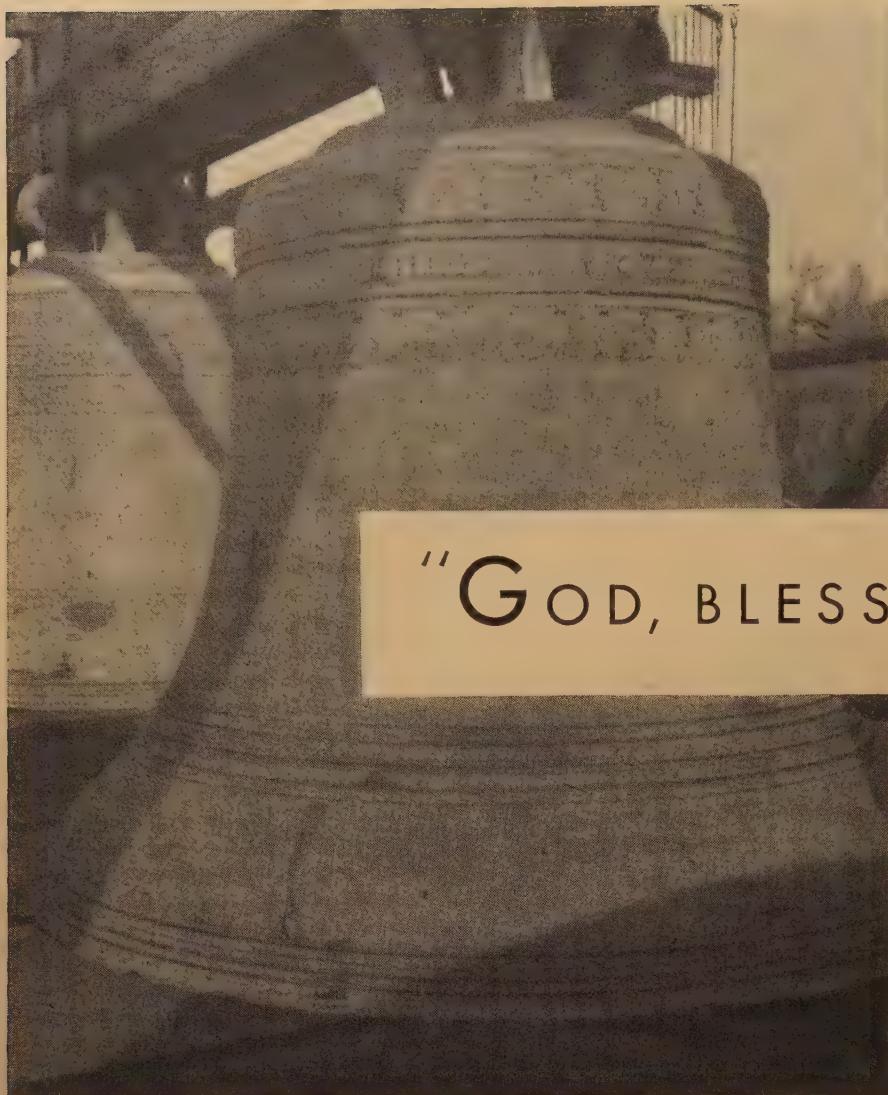
Nearly a year ago Princess Elizabeth baked a cake which she sent to the Blaina training center for unemployed boys. It was a big cake, something like one of our colossal wedding pyramids which will serve several hundreds of people. Attached to it was a note, characteristic of the small princess who had said: "You ought to see the people waiting outside to cheer me when I come out!" The note read: "I iced and decorated this cake entirely alone. (Signed) Elizabeth."

Elizabeth pastes her recipes in a scrapbook. She likes to decorate her pastries and, being a princess, she can use all the sugar and candies on them she wishes. Often her parents come to the kitchen to lick the frosting bowl and admire her handiwork. The Queen was an excellent child cook, the older English people recall.

Occasionally Elizabeth makes cakes on her nursery stove for the teas which she shares with her sister. Princess Margaret Rose likes to tease the future queen. She drops the cakes, and pretends they are difficult to lift or bite. She has been known to put salt in Elizabeth's bed and tapioca in her bath, they say. The two children grow exasperated with each other, now and then. However, they have been taught that Biblical verse which admonishes princesses as well as the rest of us not to let the sun go down on their wrath, so they always make up before bedtime.

The Duchess of Kent, a talented artist, is teaching the children painting and drawing. Many of Princess Elizabeth's own pictures grace the nursery walls. Both little girls play the piano, though their adult lives probably will allow small time for this recreation. They have learned

(Continued on page 54)



"GOD, BLESS THESE BELLS"



By
BEATRICE PLUMB

 **S**O PRAYED Pieter Hemony, Flemish bell founder of three centuries ago, kneeling at the altar of his little home chapel, work-worn hands clasped in petition to the Almighty Maker of perfect things. "God, bless these bells. Make them true—"

And God blessed them, so that nowhere in all the world were bells so true, so perfect as Pieter's.

In the year 1645, when Pieter was only twenty-six, and while he and his brother Frans were still in their workshop at Zutphen, they attempted their first carillon.

One can almost see Pieter on his knees, telling God about it. Twenty-seven bells, the largest weighing four thousand pounds! To be cast, attuned—in their little factory, with their equipment!

There followed weeks and months of patient plodding, exact calculation. Building, shaping, baking the moulds; preparing the liquid metal; tapping and pouring it, until all the "heavenly choristers" were finally cast. Then the cooling of the moulds, the releasing of the new bells, and—most delicate of all the precise process—the tuning.

Anxious Pieter, praying at the altar of his own craftsmanship, "God, make them true—"

The conscientious city fathers called in impartial Masters to pass judgment on the Hemony brothers' maiden carillon. After nerve-racking deliberation, the authorities pronounced the new carillon, "not only good, but surpassing in tone and resonance all other carillons in the vicinity."

The reputation of the Hemony bells spread from town to town, from country to country. Carillon after carillon arose from the dust of their foundry floors to ring like Heaven's own Easter lilies from European towers.

In 1654, Frans went to Amsterdam where there awaited him free land on which to build a new foundry—and an order for five more carillons!

Here, too, came Pieter when Frans died, and carried on for the honor of his house, making finer bells at fifty than he did at twenty.

When Pieter died, his precious secret of tuning—that truth of tone—died with him. One wonders why. Did he strive in vain to pass it on to his nephew, a foundry pupil of whom he wrote revealingly, "I hope in time he will learn also to tune well"? Who can say? In any case, for two hundred years Pieter's secret was lost to the world, and only within the past

forty years has it been rediscovered by English bell founders who regard the "Old Master" with much the same reverence with which the modern violin maker regards Stradivarius.

"God, bless these bells," prayed Pieter, "Make them true." Perhaps he also prayed that they might be kept safe; for they have miraculously survived the centuries. So that most of the bells of Holland today are Hemony's. In Belgium, the incomparable Singing Towers of Mechlin and Antwerp ring with his bells—saved during the World War as though by the very hand of God. Hemony bells are in the carillons of Stockholm, Hamburg, Mainz, Darmstadt.

And—greatest miracle of all!—Hemony bells are actually ringing in America today!

How this Flemish carillon, the only one of its kind in the New World, happened to cross the Atlantic Ocean less than two years ago, to begin a new life as the Davis Memorial Carillon on the peaceful campus of little Alfred University, New York State, is an amazing story, full of romance and religion!

How did so small an institution, so little-known, so overshadowed by the great universities whose names are household words, secure so unique a treasure? That is a story worth recording, worth repeating, worth remembering.

In the first place, they were fugitive

ells, fleeing for their very lives. At the outbreak of the World War, their owners in Northern France, Belgium and Holland had taken them down and buried them in the earth or hidden them in remote corners of cellars and granaries to save them from being seized and destroyed. Here they had remained, year after year, as pitifully mute as a caged lark or a stringless violin, simply waiting . . . in the dark.

When Europe was again torn or terrorized by shot and shell, with munition makers searching everywhere for old metal, the hidden bells were again in grave danger, and their owners were willing to sell and even to send them across the sea in order to save them.

land, each full of bells. And so they hung it on the wall of their home.

And here, a summer student coming to buy some of Olive Watson's home-made honey candy, saw it and was moved to tell them that the sweetest-toned bells in all the world were those of an ancient Belgian carillon. She knew those time-mellowed bells, not only by sight and sound; she had actually played them under the tuition of the great Jef Denyn, carillonneur of Malines and Director of the International School of the Carillon there.

When, as a result of this conversation, followed by lengthy conferences with Alfred's Carillon Committee, Dr. Watson wrote to an eminent founder in Belgium

"Believe me, there was anxious excitement in those days," said Professor Norman J. Whitney, who was teaching English at Syracuse University, but pouring every ounce of energy he could spare into raising funds for his Alma Mater's dream carillon. "Should we—dare we—accept the terms, place the order, make the first payment? Money was in hand for that—but suppose we could not get the remainder, wouldn't all be lost? On the other hand, if we did not take the offer, it could not possibly be repeated. Wouldn't all be lost that way, too?"

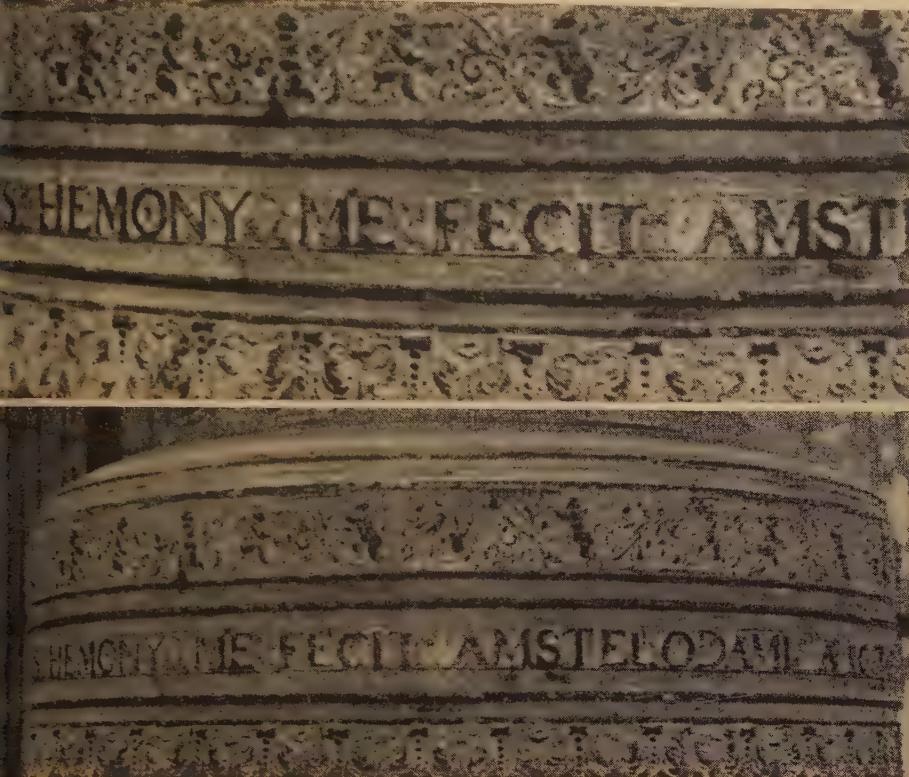
Anxious days, indeed! Then, as if to bless the sacrifice of many small gifts, came a few large ones, and one of truly magnificent proportions—and the happy Carillon Committee had the necessary amount.

On July 15th, 1937, Alfred's dream ship slipped into New York Harbor bearing not twenty-eight, but thirty-five, bells!

When the precious lading reached Alfred station, the whole town turned out in affectionate welcome. The home bells, church and campus, rang out their greeting to the gray-green patriarchs who had spanned three centuries and the ocean to find peace and a chance to praise God in this new land of their adoption.

By gentle hands they were set down on the hospitable turf of the hillside, and here college students formed their guard of honor, night and day, until a temporary frame tower could be erected to house them.

There has always been the halo of



On the facing page, the heaviest of the bells, weighing almost a thousand pounds; President J. Nelson Norwood making a round of inspection; and a group of students taking it easy. On this page, above, two views of the art work on the bells, and, right, Allen Steinholtz Museum, just to one side of the carillon

Still, they might never have been saved but for the dream in a young man's heart. His name was Lloyd Watson, and he was a student then at Alfred University. In years to come he would be a scientist, discovering astonishing things about bees, writing learned papers and lecturing about their ways and whims. Right then he was more interested in bells than bees. One day, he told the girl whom he later married, he would buy this old college a carillon—when his ship came in.

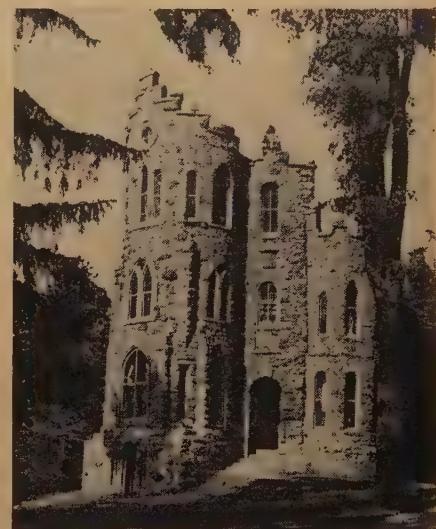
Years later, when he was Dr. Lloyd Watson, of Alfred's Chemistry department, that dream still haunted him. His wife fostered it, as she had many another of his, knowing that God reveals the great truths of His universe to just such dreaming scientists.

It takes so little to keep the dreams of one's heart alive—a whiff of perfume, a strain of music, a wild flower. With the Watsons it was a calendar! A bell founder's trade gift, showing noble towers in a far

asking him if he could supply Alfred University with a small ancient carillon by any one of the three great bell founders, Pieter Hemony, Joris Dumery or Andreas van den Gheyn, the answer was an emphatic "No." Such treasures, M. Michaux pointed out, in dignified French, were not to be had for love nor money.

Nevertheless, he immediately began scouring the country to find them—amazed, perhaps, that natives of a new, raw country like America could show such a nice discrimination in bells.

Imagine the thunderbolt that struck the little college in the hills of Allegany when a cablegram arrived from the president of this same Belgian firm saying that he had succeeded in assembling a small carillon of twenty-eight ancient Flemish bells, all made by the three great masters specified, and that they could be "expertized" by Jef Denyn, himself, and shipped to America upon receipt of a substantial down payment.

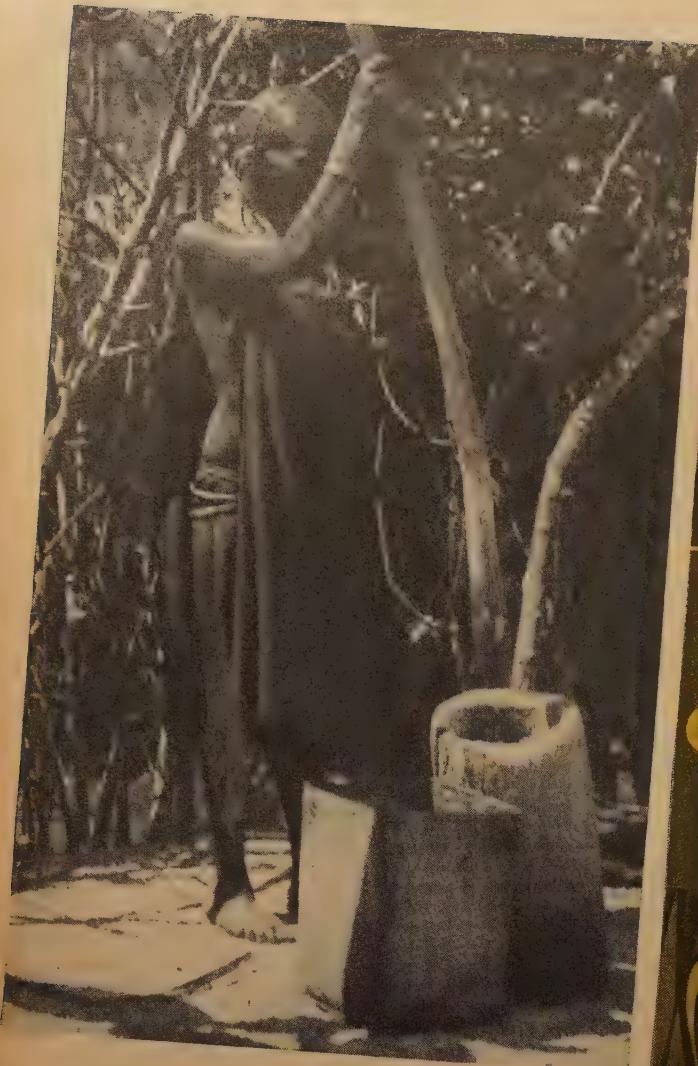


Heaven, a peculiar power, about a fine old bell. One feels that it must somehow have touched the destiny of those youths, some graduates, some midclassmen, some classmen-to-be, who stood in the still watches on guard.

"God, bless these bells," prayed Pieter in the seventeenth century. "God, bless these bells," prayed Alfred in the twentieth. Let us attend again in spirit that simple, poignant ceremony of two summers ago, when a little group of Alfred alumni, faculty members and friends assembled on the campus for a modernized version of the old traditional custom of the Blessing of the Bells.

It is sundown. A hush has fallen—that hush which comes when hearts are tender

(Continued on page 53)



Strangely enough, it is the women of Africa who, more than the men, resist the change to Christian beliefs—the men are the first to accept Christianity

By **WILLIAM E.
DAVIS, M. D.**
[PART TWO]

ONE gained considerable insight into some of the problems which confront the Church, in checking over, as we did, the reports of each village evangelist. From the notebooks in which the records were kept we went over the names of the individual members of the various congregations:

"Imbongo Jean ko la Mbula Mata waj'okane babuzaki mpoji falanga bo-toa." (John Imbongo and his wife Martha Mbula gave an offering of six francs).

"Loanza Petelo ntabuza lolonde waji, Boanda Malia abuzaki falang'ife." (Peter Loanza gave no offering but his wife, Boanda Mary gave two francs.)

Thus went the list showing the amounts that had been given for the six or more months' period between visits of the missionaries. The goal that had been set for that particular period just before we came was six francs for a man and his wife

(about twenty cents in our money). It seems a very trifling sum to us but to them it represented a real accomplishment.

As the names were read out the evangelist gave an account of the conduct of each member of his congregation; had he been loyal to the Church, had he given his offering, had he committed any acts unfitting for a Botsweji (Christian)? There was always a long list of backsliders. So and so had taken a second wife (and often a third and a fourth as well). This one had gone to work for a company and had lost interest in the Church. That one had completely repudiated his belief and had publicly rubbed his body with redwood powder and oil (ngola)—a ceremony that has come to symbolize an absolute return to the old "heathen" way of life.

I know of so many hundreds of cases where the individual earnestly desired to join or remain steadfast to the Church but the pressure from his friends and relatives was more than he could withstand. Especially from the women. It is a terrible thing in a male world to be laughed at by a woman. A man may bear the insults of a fellow-warrior but the taunts and ridicule of the village girls are beyond endurance. How conservative and

resistant to change are the women of a society! It is they who give the inherent stability to an order, but they come far more slowly to the light than the men. And so it was that we heard so often the tragic expression "aobisa ngola" (he has rubbed himself with red powder)—the tragedy of having seen a vision and let go, of having rejected an ideal.

There were always cases of adultery, quarrels and separations of husbands and wives, of stealing and fights and general wickedness. Their sins were many, and many of them seemed to have entirely fallen from grace; but with all their failures and disaffections there was ample evidence that there was a great force at work among them. The leaven is working in the meal. Feebly but with ever increasing strength, faltering often, stumbling frequently, with many a backward look, the Church of Christ in Congo is in the march.

It has been extremely interesting to witness the reaction of these primitive people to the Christian religion and to reflect upon some of the factors which seem to me to have been important in the problem so far.

No one can live among the people of Central Congo without being struck w



Top are Dr. Davis and his two boys in the jungle. Center, Dr. Davis alone, and bottom the Doctor with his wife and family in America



who can say when one of them will become displeased and invoke some powerful spirit to work a man ill. All their diseases come from the effects of some "medicine" that someone has made to

put a curse on them. In every Congo hut there hangs in little leaf-wrapped packages the "bote" (medicine) with which they hope to counteract the effect of the curses of others, and all too frequently with which they hope to work ill to others.

Other than this belief in spirits and an extensive system of taboos, they have no definite form of religion. They have no organization, no group worship and nothing resembling a priesthood, unless one wants to liken the ubiquitous witch-doctor to a priest—a priest of darkness, working with the forces of evil.

Moreover, the Congo native has never developed his sense of moral values. The basis of their judgments is always an economic one. If one of them steals it is up to him to repay. If he has taken a life, a life is demanded of him—either his own or that of some member of his family or tribe. It is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If a man has adulterous relations with another's wife it is not so much a matter of wrongdoing as it is of appropriation of another's property and the affair is usually ended when an adequate cash payment is made.

These factors in the situation are of both positive and negative value when it comes to the effective presentation of Christianity. That there is no old and established religion already rooted in the lives of the people, and that they are under the compulsion of fear and seeking a way of escape from it, leads them to accept readily this new doctrine which promises them the comfort and assurance of God's love and aid and the grace and salvation of Jesus. I believe that it would be difficult to overestimate the amount of mental suffering and agony of spirit that have been eliminated by the presence in their hearts of the sense of the peace of God. For them to feel that God loves them, that a goodly Providence reigns in the world, that all is not malignant and spiteful—what a great load of hurt and hopelessness that has lifted from their souls!

The dramatic and symbolic aspects of our religion have a powerful appeal for the Congolese, for they have a very strong natural inclination that way. They take quickly and eagerly to that which is mystical and ritual; they preach with fervor and pray with unction. With entire sincerity they accept Jesus as a way of salvation and if the growth toward goodness and righteousness is slow, I think it is safe to say that is largely because they do not understand the significance of His teaching.

It is not to be wondered at that these people who have never had a moral qualm, whose consciences are clear so long as they are not caught, whose faults have always been atoned for by the mere matter of payment—it is not to be wondered at that they have difficulty in being convicted of sin by the standards of the Sermon on the Mount. Men, who for uncounted generations have taken a life for a life, spilled blood for blood, simply as a matter of fairness and the evening of things up—such men have difficulty with the conception that it is wrong to be angry with their brothers. And it is quite a task to convince tribes that have never been closer than a spear point that one must love his enemies.

Well, it is difficult and the progress is

as slow as may be, but these natives of the Congo are making strides. It is their utter sincerity that gets you. It is how hard they try. To us who have had 1900 years of Christian background and still half-heartedly mumble our prayers and explain away the obvious inferences of Jesus' teaching, it is a heartening thing to watch the primitive black man wrestle with his soul.

On the last day of our stay in each of the villages where we held "bikitelo" there was a baptismal service for the new converts who had come in with their respective pastors. The "bakimi" (the followers) had attended their local churches for a period of at least six months and had been instructed by their evangelists in special classes dealing with the new religion. Then at "ekitelo" time they were examined by one of the missionaries or some native elder to see if they, who professed to become followers of Jesus, really had a sound idea of what it was they were to follow. To those who appeared to have grasped some of the spiritual significance of Christ's life and teaching was accorded the privilege of becoming members of the church.

The solemn symbolism of the baptismal service is impressive to me at any time and place but enacted as it is against

"Njamba, O njambamba." (I accept Him, Oh! I accept Him, indeed.)

The years are passing but I can still hear and I shall always be able to hear the emphatic intensity of their voices as they answer to those questions. I can hear the group of Christians as they sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins." And echoing back from the jungle walls the words of the Lonkundo dialect, "And sinners washed beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains." I can hear the exhortation of the native preacher, telling the candidates of the importance of the step they are taking—the seriousness of it and its joy. They are, he says, starting on a new journey, beset with difficulties but with a great reward at the end and they have with them always The Strong Helper. I can see the river, dark and smooth, flowing silently out of its tunnel of trees, past the tiny beach and into the trees again. I can see the crowd of natives and the line of new-pledged followers of Jesus. I can see them as they went down into the stream and, muddy as the water was, I never doubted its cleansing power. I can remember many such scenes for I never watched one without strong emotion and I always felt that I had witnessed something important in human destiny.

when we arrived and without any delay they proceeded with the business in hand.

The situation lacked nothing of the picturesque. The two, withered and ugly old black women, shivering in the short tie-around skirts which they had worn in honor of the occasion, and Bokenge, who had removed his clothes, standing there in only a loin cloth, reading from the Bible. We sang a song and old Basele prayed. With his hand upraised toward a slight opening in the trees which showed the scudding rain clouds, he talked intimately with God. It was soon over. As solemn and with as much dignity as if he had stood in a great cathedral before thousands, Bokenge carried out the ritual and we continued our way.

I enjoyed immensely our days of travel through the forest on our return for the jungle holds for me an endless fascination. It is so dense and shuts one in so completely and makes one feel so small. I have looked out over the apparently limitless expanse of the deserted places; I have thought at times, when flying at a high altitude above the sea, that I could visualize the very magnitude of earth itself; but nothing in my experience has ever impressed me with more insignificance like being alone in the midst of this Congo wilderness of trees and brush. There is a quality of awesomeness and loneliness and fear. I do not wonder that the natives have peopled it with spectral forms.

It has a smell peculiar to itself—musty odor of decaying leaves and logs mingled with the pungent scent of forest foliage. The tall trees grip the soil with spreading brace roots that look like rows of giant plow shares, and their branches hang with great festoons of climbing vines. So thick they stand that only rarely can one catch a glimmer of the tropic sun. Now and then a single, unimpeded shaft of light will find its way through the interlacing leaves like a band of shimmering gold. Here are no brightly plumaged birds and what pale flowers there are stay hidden in the density of the brush. The effect is somber and subduing. The aptness of the phrase "dark Africa" strikes home.

And joining village to village, winding in and out with innumerable twistings and turnings, run the narrow, age-old footpaths. I have a notion that when the Roman roads were new these paths were old. Shifting as the villages moyed from site to site and continually changing their curves to miss a newly fallen tree but never losing their integrity, they are the same paths. They are so narrow that when two men meet one of them must back into the brush. They intrigue the imaginative, beckon the adventurous and charm the romantic—the mysterious, verdure-vaulted, leaf-carpeted highways of the African jungle.

I used, frequently, to ride or walk alone and stop by some fallen log just to sit quietly in the remarkable hush of the forest and listen to the rare bird call, the occasional whirr of wings and the continuous hum of the myriad insects—sounds that seemed to intensify rather than break the silence. Now and then a chattering troop of monkeys swung in a long line through the tops of the trees.

It has been said that the great religions

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The mission buildings at Bolenge, in the Belgian Congo, where Dr. Davis was stationed and where he carried on the work he describes in these remarkable articles

so strange and exotic a background it is a doubly moving spectacle.

The candidates assembled in the early morning and, led by the pastor of the village, they went in single file through the narrow aisle of the forest to the river, singing as they went. Behind them came the rest of the assembled group of evangelists, the village Christians and the crowd. As they came to the bank of the stream they lined up in a row facing the water. After the people had all arrived they sang another song and had a prayer. Then the preacher went along the line, taking the confession of each one.

"Olimeza te Yesu ale Bona oa Nzakomba?" (Do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God?)

"Njolimeza, O njimeza." (I believe, Oh! I believe.)

"Ko wowamb'ende ngole bosikoj'okawé?" (And do you accept Him as your Saviour?)

Once on this trip we passed through an out-of-the-way huddle of huts (scarcely a village even by Congo standards,) where there lived two old native women. They had heard the story of Jesus from the evangelist of the next village and had urged to be allowed to be baptized and become Christians. The evangelist had told us of them the night before we came to where they lived and it had been agreed that they might have their wish.

It was early morning as the little group of us went the half a mile or so to the shallow creek where the baptism was to be held. There were only Mr. Smith and myself, the two old women and the wife of the evangelist from the next village. It had rained all the night before and the sky was dark and the wind chill. Bokenge and Basele had gone ahead to prepare a pool in the stream deep enough to perform the ceremony. They were waiting



She Was Never Too Busy

MY MOTHER was never too busy to listen when I came racing home from school with my story of triumph or despair, but as she listened she continued to do the task which she had begun. Maybe she was making muffins, or cutting out the thin rich cookies that were her pride and my delight. Maybe she was darning a sock, or mending a rip in one of my pinafores. Maybe she was making a dress for me—or whipping narrow lace on the hem of some muslin undergarment.

When I was a wee thing I never was sent up to bed in solitude and loneliness. Mother came with me, and listened to my prayers and tucked the covers in snugly about my body. And then she would start to sing—an old song or a familiar lullaby. She wouldn't sit in a chair and rock, while she sang—not my mother! She would move around the room on quiet feet, putting things in order. The tune and the movements were related; they had a common rhythm. I used to fight against the sandman but, try as I might to follow her with my eyes, her movements would grow more and more shadowy. And finally I would see only the white flicker of her fingers as she straightened the top of a dresser or laid my toys gently in their chest. And then, at last, even the fingers would become a blur and vanish.

When I came to mother with a broken doll, she would start, even as she was comforting me, to mend it. When I came to her, a woman grown, with broken dreams, it was her same philosophy that mended them. "Keep busy," she would say, "and you'll have no time to fret!"

When I told my mother that I must go to war-ridden France—I, who had never left home before—she did not raise the countless objections that were her right. She set about constructing waterproof cases in which I might carry my wash cloths and tooth brushes—and she bought me a diary. "So that you won't have to write too many letters," she said. "We can read the diary together when you come back."

Holidays, which meant a gathering of the clan, were red letter days to mother. But the week before each holiday was chaotic and crowded to the uttermost. I often think that the thrill of preparation for company was more fun, to mother, than the entertaining of actual guests. She was on her feet from morning until twilight—baking, roasting, preserving. No evening party was complete without her

apple sauce loaf and mocha layer (would you like the recipes?).

She was always busy, my mother. And yet—now that she is gone—she has left nothing monumental as the result of her industry and boundless energy. The pies and roasts have been eaten long since; the things that she made with her hands

—save for a few bits of fine embroidery—are worn out and vanished. I have a doll's coat put away—the fine, fine stitches! I have a doily and a scarf. That is all . . .

And yet—although she did not leave us a symphony or a sonnet—she left music in our minds and poetry in our souls. For she glorified the everyday task, and her simple home was her castle. When I say the words, "Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," I have a swift vision of the rooms that my mother cared for so lovingly.

I like to pretend—when the sunset is lighting the sky, and I am alone—that mother is just as busy in that Far Land as she was on earth. I like to tell myself that her final invalid days are forgotten, and that her hands—which grew so frail and listless—are doing little useful things. There is no dust in heaven; and there are no toys to put away, and halos never require mending, and angels don't eat salt-raising bread or cottage pudding. But there must be something, Up There, that will make a woman, who was seldom idle, feel at home!

MOTHER . . . In Heaven

Somewhere in Heaven there is a room
That she keeps as bright as her room on earth—
Somewhere in Heaven small echoes creep
From her murmured songs and her gentle mirth.

Somewhere in Heaven small angels come
To beg for a cooky or ginger bread.
Somewhere in Heaven her fingers sew
On gay little dresses, blue and red!

Somewhere in Heaven I know she serves—
For serving, it was, that gave her rest;
And Heaven, I'm sure, is just a place
Where we do those tasks which we once loved best!

My Letter . . . OF THE MONTH

THIS letter comes to me from Schenectady, New York—and it is a story within a story. Here is the letter:

I have a friend who recently took a short vacation trip—part of which she spent with me. During her visit she told me of some lovely things that happened to her while she was away from home. To my mind they are such golden deeds that they should be recorded as an inspiration.

Mrs. S. is extremely plain in appearance—for she has few of this world's goods. She is, however, very friendly.

During her trip Mrs. S. went to Washington, D. C. to spend her birthday with her daughter and grand-daughter. While standing on the corner waiting for the traffic light to change, a nice-appearing man came up and asked her if he might assist her across. She replied, "Thank you, I should be very glad if you would."

When they reached the other side of the street she asked which car she should

take to get to 207 X Street. She said, "I'm eighty years old today and am going there to celebrate."

Mrs. S. had not been long at her daughter's before the bell rang and a messenger boy left a large box from a well known florist shop. It was addressed on the outside—"To the Lady who is Celebrating her Eightieth Birthday." Inside the box were a dozen roses and a card with the inscription—"Congratulations from the man who helped you across the street."

Mrs. S. wanted to visit a friend on Pinewood Avenue, but lost her way. She stopped beside a parked car and asked the lady in it to direct her. The lady said, "Get right in. When my chauffeur comes we will take you where you want to go." When they reached there Mrs. S. said, "You are very kind." The lady replied, "During my life I've had many kindnesses shown me. I like to pass them on."

E. O. E.

DO COLLEGE MEN

That question was in the Editor's mind when he assigned Frank Mead and Hayden Hall to visit two of America's leading colleges and ascertain, first hand, the result of the College Preaching Mission. In these two articles you will read what they learned



AT ILLINOIS

By Hayden Hall

 THE editor of *Christian Herald* wanted to know whether the message of the Preaching Mission got through to the students' consciousness. So two state universities—Illinois and Pennsylvania—could stand as typical of the lucky thirteen that were visited, he felt. Assigned to cover the Illinois front at Urbana was Hayden Hall, while Frank Mead was dispatched to gather impressions of the mission at Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hall's summary of Illinois student reaction to the University Religious Conference follows:

I don't know whose idea it was to make this year's preaching mission an accent on college youth, but whoever it was should be awarded a medal for distinguished cerebration. In my opinion it was a tactical maneuver worthy of a general's genius, and might easily turn out to be the single stroke needed to usher in that religious awakening for which we've all been looking.

It may be libeling the campus to suggest that preaching the Gospel there is raising the problem of religious indifference to its most difficult phase. But making allowances for over-emphasis, the program did appear to me as a very wise move on the part of the Missionaries. And I was as interested as Editor Poling in seeing how it panned out at Illinois, one of the largest of the state universities with its 13,000 students and its notable avoidance of anything that resembles religious suasion.

Not being able to attend the conference in person, I drove down to Urbana two

weeks in advance of the event to look the ground over. Already the preparations were in full swing—and had been under way since school opening. A "Committee of One Hundred," comprised of forty faculty men and sixty students, had been chosen to plan and publicize the meetings, and were going enthusiastically about the business of organization. This committee was headed by Professor A. C. Callen as chairman and William B. Browder (a law student) as co-chairman.

The committee hadn't liked the name "Christian Mission." To the student mind, they explained, the word "mission" smacked too much of an evangelistic effort to save the heathen. So they changed it to "University Religious Conference." And under this banner the Committee of One Hundred were out to whip up interest in the coming meetings.

Their efforts at first were met with vast indifference on the part of the student body. Whether this university is just naturally more inimical to religion than are other institutions in the same bracket, we can't say. But the fact is, as one of the committee leaders put it, "We had one heck of a time convincing the undergraduates that this was to be something more than a refined adaptation of the sawdust trail."

To others, sought out by the committee in the attempt to work up a guaranteed attendance, the thing sounded like "a protracted pep-meeting for fellows who are just naturally that way about religion and such stuff," while all the would-be pagans of the campus felt that even the inclusion

of the word "religious" in the title definitely savored of the churchy, with which they, as consistent pagans, could not afford to associate.

Moreover, if Illinois students were anywhere as busy as their alibis would imply, the committee began to think it was time to promote some congressional movement for the relief of hard-driven students. On every hand it was, "Sorry, no can do; I've got to spend those nights hitting the books." One even got belligerent: "Say, fellow, how do they expect a guy to go to everything around here and still get passing grades!"

One of the committee, the son of a Presbyterian minister, hove a sigh and commented that "Religion—in an organized form at least—seems to be one of the things that the Illini most religiously avoid."

As I got in the car and drove back to Chicago, I was followed by the feeling that, things being as they were, perhaps the committee was quite wrong in ditching the term "mission" just because it seemed to connote "an evangelistic effort to save the heathen"!

Some three weeks later I went back to Urbana. The conference had been history for two weeks, and I figured my task as an easy one. I could probably interview everybody who took in the meetings and still get back to Chicago in time for dinner. That's where I erred. I got an inkling of the stir the conference had caused from an Illinois second-year man to whose thumb I gave heed on the way down to

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Want RELIGION? At PENNSYLVANIA

By Frank S. Mead

FRANKLY, I went down to Philadelphia with a chip on my shoulder. It wasn't that I was looking for trouble, or that I had made up my mind before I bought my ticket that this Preaching Mission at the University of Pennsylvania was going to be just another flash in the pan. Not that. It was only that I had seen religious campaigns on another campus, and I was a little doubtful about them in a general sort of way. So when the editor said, "Go down to Philadelphia and look this thing over. There's something in it," I said in my soul (but not to the editor), "well, wonder."

The minute I landed on the campus at Pennsylvania I knew I'd been an idiot. I was twenty years behind the times, criticizing in advance something I knew exactly nothing about. I found a technique of campus religious work that made me sheepishly take off the chip and start asking questions.

Now I must approach this report of the Christian Embassy at Pennsylvania from a different angle from that used by Mr. Hall, who covered Illinois. He went before and after; he reports cause and effect. I happened to be on the ground while the thing was actually happening, while the Embassy ministers were at work. And here's what I saw.

A lot happened before the Embassy arrived. For at Penn they have the Pennsylvania Plan of campus religious education. There was no such lack of religious persuasion here as Mr. Hall noted at Illinois. Religious work at Pennsylvania is done by a group of cooperating denominational ministers, all housed under one roof: the Christian Association Building. Every student arriving on the campus finds a minister of his own church waiting for him—and cooperating so beautifully with the ministers of other churches that denominational lines are forgotten. Together they put on a well-rounded program all year round. They maintain an International House for foreign students, a settlement house, summer camps for under-privileged children, a missionary in China.

Months before the Embassy arrived, this Council was at work. Sensing the need for a "sane, effective, forceful" campus-wide presentation of the case for Christ, by the leading Christian ministers of America, they began to plan. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ

in America offered its help, the idea of the Embassy worked out, and one of the sanest, most effective and forceful Christian preaching missions in campus history got under way.

Guest speakers arrived. I have often wondered whether the taxicab drivers of Philadelphia knew what precious human freight they were carrying, in those first few hours. Into their cabs stepped Sam Higginbottom of India, Bernard Claussen of Pittsburgh, Dwight Bradley of Boston, Grace Sloan Overton of Michigan, J. Harry Cotton of Columbus, Mrs. Harper Sibley of Rochester, George A. Buttrick of New York. Came, too, a huge company of ministers who were to move into the fraternity houses and dormitories and clubs, actually to live with the students day in and day out. In other words, the ablest Christian ministers in America had arrived at old Penn, not to bluster or orate or bludgeon, but to talk it out with the undergraduates, man to man, woman to woman. There were forty-one guest speakers, over a hundred ministers and women's leaders, altogether.

The sessions began. Luncheons, convocations, seminars, mass discussion groups and discussions involving two or three or four, fraternity house "talk-fests" and personal conferences. Every item of Christian faith, principle and practice was brought out into the open and examined. Nothing was side-stepped, evaded or ignored. There was no shadow-boxing, no narrow, one-sided presentations. No emotional spasms, but a lot of good hard common sense that produced results.

The first night, I dropped around to see the boys of my own fraternity. We had dinner. After dinner we talked about everything from football to faith. Logs blazed in a huge fireplace; a radio played softly; a half-back analyzed a Princeton play, a boy from Missouri defended the share-croppers, the leading "lady" (six feet tall, all man) talked over an act with a chorus "girl" of the coming Varsity show. The fraternity president, from his seat deep in a great overstuffed chair, said, "Fellows, Dr. Jones of the Embassy is our house guest this week. He's going to talk to us for a few minutes. If anybody doesn't want to stay, check out now." Nobody checked out. "O. K., Dr. Jones. Shoot."

Dr. Jones shot. As quietly as though he were moving around the parlor of his

own home, he moved over to stand with his back to the fire, and just talked of Jesus Christ. He had no clerical air, no "pulpit voice"; this was a conversation. He didn't talk at the boys, but with them. He stated clearly, fairly, intelligently, just what it was that Christ and the Church stood for; what they had meant in ages gone and what they might mean to this age. There was a silence in the room that screamed. The boys scattered around in the easy chairs were so many human sponges, absorbing it. I couldn't help saying to myself, "If only someone had done this in my fraternity house!"

He finished, and there were half a dozen of his listeners on their feet at once with their questions. He took them all: "If a fellow behaves himself, and does the right thing, if he helps his fellow man and keeps his record clean, if he is just a good, straight-shooting guy, isn't that about all you can expect?" I know ministers who would flare at that. Humanism! Ethical Culture! Life without Christ! But Dr. Jones didn't flare. He was wise enough to know that the minute you flare at a college youth, he instinctively flares back, and the fat is in the fire. So he didn't flare. He talked of humanism quite frankly, and he knew what humanism was. He spoke of the unconscious manner in which all of us judge a "good guy" by some human model; of how we all had our standard of values in some individual; of the example we have in Jesus Christ, of the manner in which he lifted humanity out of its mere human-ness and touched it with a Spirit that was not of this earth. Was there any better basis for human life and living than one could find in Christ? There were no other suggestions.

A six-footer from the Wharton School of Finance said from the shadows, "I'm going into business. Can a man possibly be a Christian in business, as it is today? After all, we've got to earn our living in that business world, and it forces us all to do a lot of things we don't like to do, whether we're Christians or not. Wouldn't it be better to beat these business men at their own game, and get ourselves established financially, and then start living a hundred per cent Christian life?"

That may sound a bit involved, but it is a question that should shake every one of us. With a quick honesty Dr. Jones admitted that we had failed to build a Christian business world; that many businesses and many business men were indeed in a sorry way. Then he showed the tremendous strides that had been made in recent years toward a Christianizing of that condition; he talked of great industrialists (Golden Rule Nash, Filene of Boston, etc., etc.,) who had gone the limit; he talked too of what had happened to those who had gone to the other evil extreme of outlawing God from their industries. He left the choice open. . . .

"What can the Church give me that I can't get elsewhere?" "What about capital punishment?" "If we were to take a vote on this campus tomorrow, seventy-five per cent of the students would vote Fascist. What can we Christians do about that?" "What about anti-Semitism?" "Would Christ talk differently if he were to live against our background, in our world, in our times?" And so on, and on, and on. . . .

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Parade of BROTHERHOOD

By Frank S. Mead

[PART THREE]

Forgotten Americans

 IN THE darkest days of the American Revolution, General George Washington said that if the war were lost and he had but one banner left he would rally his Scotch-Irish troopers and plant a new republic on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The General knew his highlanders of the South.

They helped Old Hickory win at New Orleans; they forged new states in the wilderness and gave us Daniel Boone, Stonewall Jackson and John C. Calhoun. They declared themselves free and independent long before the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed at Philadelphia.

Of all Americans they have been the most completely forgotten. They came down from their hills to do their bit and then returned to the hills again, and for generations we knew little more about them than we knew about the Chinese in the hills around Peking.

Who is today's dweller in Appalachia, six million strong and living in a section covering 110,000 square miles, in nine states? Well, his forefathers were German, Scotch-Irish, French, English: all the finest traits of these bloods are in him, fused now into one blood—American. In a certain mountain county there are just twenty foreign-born whites and nineteen Negroes out of a population of 10,765; among the rural farmers of Kentucky and Tennessee only one-tenth of one per cent are foreign-born; it is less than that in the Carolinas and Georgia. Compare this with your northern areas.

But the faith of his fathers still runs like fire in the hill man's blood. His German fathers were Protestants; they were driven out of Germany in the course of

bitter religious wars; they came here at the invitation of Quaker William Penn, and they came in droves. His Scotch-Irish father and mother came to escape religious persecution in the north of Ireland; came hating their English landlords and the churchmen who opposed their Presbyterian form of worship. His French forebears were the Huguenots who survived the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Eve; they too came on the hunt for freedom of thought and faith.

Little wonder, then, that their descendants fought for freedom, democracy, independence; little wonder they have clung tenaciously to their belief in the worth of the individual, to their love of home and fireside. Theirs is "a quiet patience like the patience of the seasons; a fine human dignity, a sense of the reality of God and of things unseen," as one writer puts it.

How did they come to the highlands? Distrust of centralized authority, suspicion of the state church which they found rooted on American soil, an objection to the slavery of the rich lowlands of the South—all this led them to cut loose from the seaboard and to fall back on their own resources in a country that would be indisputably their own. At first they settled on the best soil, in the fertile valleys, but as the years rolled on they were forced by the march of empire "back and beyond"; they settled beside the mountain stream, or on a hillside that seemed to have enough good soil to give root to

a crop of corn and potatoes.

How do they live? Oftentimes precariously. Their mountain land offers a bare existence at its best; erosion has swept their hillsides and stolen their good soil. The old joke about the boy who "fell out of a cornfield and broke his neck" is more real than funny; when a home mission official from the East went down to the Cumberlands to take some pictures, he tumbled out of just such a hillside cornfield, camera, pictures and all; by actual survey that cornfield stood at an angle of thirty-eight degrees. Farming at forty-five degrees isn't unknown here, and rain and wind can tear away a lot of soil and seed on such a slope as this.

They are poor. Of 3,118 farm homes in one mountain county, just twenty-one had electric lights, ten had water piped into the house, eight had bathrooms. In another county the total cash income of over half the families amounted to less than forty-five dollars per family; more than half of those had no work animal, two out of five no cow or pig, and one out of every nine didn't even have a chicken.

Because they are poor, disease is prevalent. Children die without ever having seen a doctor (the low wages of the fathers can't bring a physician over ten miles of road, at a cost of a dollar a mile!); frugal diet brings on malnutrition, undernourishment, pellagra; there is hookworm, typhoid, colitis, tuberculosis.

They are a people standing in the need





Scenes in the Cumberlands and the Blue Ridge. From these cabin homes come the sturdiest American stock. Photos Ewing Galloway and Nesmith



a program that is social, educational, economic and basically religious. For you can never ignore religion in the building of a better social, educational or economic life; they dovetail, they must work together to produce a higher type of man and community. That is what they are doing among the mountaineers. . . .

Soon to be graduated from Berea College in Kentucky is a quiet, attractive, blonde-haired girl. Her name is Mabel Henderson. She comes from a section of the hills known as "South America." Her story is the story of a home mission enterprise.

Not long ago the section of "South America" was known as one of the most lawless districts in the state. Money being scarce, the men were making moonshine to help them live, and the whiskey led to shootings and arrests and evasions of the law.

One of the most feared men in "South America" was Bill Henderson, Mabel's father. He himself was afraid of neither man nor devil. He was a feudist, a moonshiner. There were thirteen notches on his gun. There were also thirteen charges against him in circuit court, three in Federal court, a jail sentence impending and a \$500 fine.

In those days, Mabel was a little thin girl, helping her mother care for the younger children, picking up sticks for the fire, dressing in handed-down clothes. She didn't go to school—the building had been burned down twice.

Then a missionary from Pineville noticed the number of men from "South America" who were brought into the county court and decided to visit that section. What he saw convinced him of the need for a school and a church. Almost single-handed, he set out to provide both.

One of the first men he met was Bill Henderson. And Bill, in spite of his reputation as a bad man, loved his children deeply. He heard about the school, and in the end he gave the preacher his farm and house and moved his family to another cabin. "I'd rather my young 'uns had that school without the farm, than to have the farm without the school," Bill said.

Two other men, Evan and Scott Partin, became interested. Scott, even before Bill, gave land—sixteen acres from his ninety acre farm. Evan gave half of his property. He himself was unlettered, but he wanted his children to have better opportunities.

So the preacher from Pineville cleared off the brush and rocks, cleaned out an old cabin and opened school. Mabel Henderson was one of the first pupils to attend. Meanwhile a helper drove two cows from another old building and started a Community House.

Mabel's father was converted. He went to the county seat and swore out an affidavit that he would manufacture no more liquor, that he would try henceforth to be

of schools. One mountain district pays its teachers \$428 a year. Children go to school or stay home, as they like; few of them ever get to the eighth grade. There are some good schools, but they are rare; there are too many unpainted one-room cabins passing as "schoolhouses," too many underpaid, undertrained teachers.

In spite of all this, they are a happy people. A singing people: they love their music—the ballads that have come down through generations from singer to singer; "Barbara Allen," "The Two Sisters," "The Green Willow Tree." They are a highly democratic people, with a natural and unconscious sense of equality; they think not much more of the President than they do of their crossroads storekeeper.

They love their homes; they become unbearably homesick when they leave them. The cabin in the hills, made of logs and mud, with a loft above to sleep in and a gun over the fireplace—that they love. In it they live the simple life: they work hard, play hard, take time out to enjoy living while most of us rush headlong from the cradle to the grave just trying to make a living. When a neighbor's house burns, everybody takes a day off to help him build a new one; when a neighbor falls sick they take turns sitting up all night with him; if he dies they bury him and comfort (and feed) the family.

They are a deeply religious people. The church and all it stands for is firmly set

in their midst. In a slab-sides cabin, in a big family home, or out under the trees, the mountain preacher has kept faith burning since the beginning. All honor to him! Working against heavy odds, without pay and without a chance at the comforts and encouragements of his brother-preacher in the town and city, he has kept at it.

Good as it was, there was one great lack in the work and emphasis of the mountain church. In his book *Highland Heritage*, Edwin E. White, who knows these people well, says: "The religion offered by the average mountain church does not make men dissatisfied with ugliness, want, sickness, and the lack of opportunity." The first home missionaries faced that; and be it said here that when they called attention to it, they found an amazingly enthusiastic response. Children in the highlands now are going gladly to school; the family in the mountain cabin is welcoming the home mission nurse and doctor with open arms, for their children have been cured. That part of the missionary's job isn't so hard; this background is easily overcome.

The real enemies to be faced now have come in over the newly-opened roads: the modern, sophisticated magazine and newspaper; cheap pulp thrillers; the unwise use of the automobile; the new industrialism that is moving into the South, crushing individualism, bringing evils along with the good.

Home missions is attacking all this with

a good citizen. But ending his feud was harder. The missionary talked to him about it.

"I hear you're carrying your gun these days, Bill."

"I got to. Johnson's carrying his."

"And if you meet him?"

Bill shook his head. "I'd have to shoot him. Else he'd get me first."

The missionary pointed out the fear that forced both men to carry guns. He reminded Bill of his place of leadership in the hills, of the feud which would be passed on to his children. He spoke of the progress that might be made in the community if peace were established. The result was that the two men, under the influence of the preacher, shook hands and sat down to a meal together, the feud forever behind them.

SO MABEL'S life took on a different direction. She and twelve others were studying in the new school. Most of them walked in; some rode on a mule—two, sometimes three perched on the animal! One boy rode fourteen miles every day on his mule until he finished the course; another walked that same distance, and he never saw the daylight at home while he was doing it. The first graduating class consisted of three members, and all three went to college. Eighty per cent of those who have since finished the course have gone on to further study.

The enterprise has grown. Now Henderson Settlement—named for Bill and a church dignitary—consists of 435 acres of ground, a large school building known as Partin Hall, two dormitories and a chapel, light plant, water system, carpenter shop, grist and saw mill, tabernacle, threshing outfit, recreation cabin and community house, six cottages for workers, a clinic, teams, wagons, autos, trucks, two hundred students and a road to the world outside. The community has changed, too. There are better homes and better cattle; crops are grown scientifically and are more plentiful; drunkenness is extremely rare.

And the boys and girls who are graduating from Henderson Settlement and going on to college are returning to the mountains to serve their own people. A boy, who had been a drunkard at fifteen, will soon be a doctor and live in his mountains. Mabel herself will teach. Other girls are now teaching and preaching in places farther back in the hills. For it is a characteristic of those who have lived in the mountains that they long to go back. Mabel herself has expressed the love of the hills in a poem, typifying the tie that draws the young people back from school into service for others.

The Mountains

The mountains seem so dear to me
Because they are my home;
Their friendly trees look out to see
Whichever way I roam,
From them I get my land of dreams,
My castles in the air;
They whisper words of hope, it seems,
That make my dark days fair.

Ofttimes I lift my wondering eyes
To their majestic power
And feel their strength beneath the skies
As what I most desire.
Their little trickling streams float on

Down through the glens so green;
They whisper words of prayer and song
Which they sincerely mean.

In my own small world with them I live
They seem to urge me on;
Their silent words of hope they give
When everything goes wrong.
The mountains God has greatly blessed;
Through them I hear his voice:
Of all the things that I love best
The mountains are my choice.

In the heart of the Carolina mountains is another kind of school, one not so much interested in getting its graduates off to college, for it has a different kind of graduate. This is the Asheville Farm School, and it has an unconventional curriculum. Indeed, there is no curriculum at all, as teachers understand it. There are no "required" courses of study or subjects in the usual sense of the word. A student at Asheville takes what he needs to fit him for the life he must lead. That sounds like good common sense, for the great majority of these boys can give only a few short years to school. They must work and work hard to keep themselves and their families alive.

A boy at the school is working in a cornfield; on a young green stalk he finds a growth of smut. He brings it in to the agricultural laboratory and asks, "I've seen this smut on my father's corn. What is it? What causes it? How do we get rid of it?" An instructor gets out a microscope; together they peer though it and together they search the library for information. They find it, and a boy goes back to his father's farm equipped with a new knowledge that wipes out smut for miles around.

A SECOND boy milks twenty-two cows in the dairy barn. He asks, "Does this dairy pay?" He goes into the dairy "lab." He learns to keep books on cows—to run a record of the cost of feed and ensilage. He learns how to test the percentage of butterfat in each cow's milk; he studies cow sanitation, marketing and all the rest of it. He goes home not just another boy farmer, but a scientific dairyman.

Another boy says, "There are a lot of young people in our neighborhood who are not doing anything; a few of them come to church or Sunday School, but accomplish nothing when they come. There are no worthy social or recreational activities for them. What can be done in the community that will give them something worth while to think about and to do in their leisure time?" He goes into the social arts laboratory, where he learns to set up a complete recreational program, a musical program, a Sunday School and young people's worship program for his home town. What he has accomplished among his own people in social and religious values would be difficult for any minister to achieve.

In Tennessee there is a home mission nurse (one of many) engaged in a seven-day-a-week struggle with mountain sickness. She gives us this out of her note book:

"Doctor and I are called at two a.m. on a confinement case twelve miles away. No time for fires, so I dress in an ice-cold room, get the supplies and hurry for the

car. With snow a foot deep, the temperature zero and our Ford open to the cold, we finally get within a mile of the house walking through knee-deep drifts of snow the remaining distance.

"Hours and hours of nerve-racking work with our patient! Suturing must be done by the rays of a flashlight. Mountain homes are poorly equipped and as usual the doctor must scrub his hands in a small basin with water heated in an iron kettle which hangs in the fireplace. A dim coal-oil lamp with the aid of the firelight guides our way about the sick room, but is not very reliable when tiny stitches are being taken. A table is devised from placing chairs together to bathe the baby near the fire. Yet this and worse conditions are what we contend with in our obstetrical work every day.

"A PATIENT with pneumonia became worse. We must have an oxygen tank and tent, although it is midnight and Knoxville is the nearest point for obtaining these (Knoxville is fifty miles away). Doctor goes to find the men in charge of the oxygen concern and surgical supply company, getting them out of bed at one a.m. I stay up thirty-six hours on this case and the patient gets a little better.

"Another call at 11 p.m. A little three-year-old tot has been accidentally knocked down by a hound dog. . . . We took the child to Sevierville and after the X-ray a plaster of Paris cast was applied to his leg. Four days later, another X-ray was made in Knoxville and we put the leg in traction (vertical suspension). Since I must be away on calls from the hospital, he was kept at the doctor's house, with the doctor's wife helping. . . ."

Konnarock Training School is primarily for girls. It began in a rented house with two giant fireplaces that smoked the wrong way, with fourteen girls, two teachers and a cook. Now there are thirty-three boarding pupils, all girls, and ninety-day pupils, both boys and girls. Their work is the type you will find in most schools of this kind, all over the highlands: academic, religious, health, home economics, etc. It isn't the children in the school that interest us here so much as is the Mother's Club.

When that club was first suggested, the mountain mothers were suspicious that it was just another attempt of "the outsiders" to put something over on them. That suspicion was so strong that a year's work by the organizer, Miss Twedten, produced just six club members. But as word passed from mouth to mouth: "This is our club—we are doing it ourselves!" the membership grew to ten in the second year and to thirty-five in the third.

MISS TWEDTEN noticed that the children of these mothers were a sickly lot, suffering with neglected after-effects of measles, whooping cough, tonsilitis, scarlet fever, "thin and piddlin' children," as their mothers called them, with teeth in all stages of decay. But she also noticed in the mothers a fierce pride, a deep love for these children, and a strength to fight for them. She capitalized on that, and put them to work in the Mother's Club.

What are they doing? Well, take a look at them, coming and going up and down their mountain (*Continued on page 52*).



"They Bombed us today"



By SPENCER DURYEE

TODAY, in the Christian Herald Industrial Mission in Foochow, China, Merlin Bishop is working alone. His family is in Seattle; the Culvers are in America; Miss Hartwell is in St. Petersburg. And before me is a letter from Bishop, standing by in Foochow. He starts off with the words: "I find myself fighting the canker of loneliness. All Chinese with money enough to move had left here, long ago. Shops are closed; you'd think every day was Sunday, with Sunday Blue Laws clamped down tight. The roads leading in to Foochow are all torn up, to delay a Japanese advance on the city. The good old road down to our girls' mission at Sharp Peak has just vanished into thin air, at the hands of six thousand soldiers working day and night with picks, shovels and dynamite."

Then comes a line that made me blink and wish I could get the first boat back to Foochow: "I'll stay. I have no orders from God to evacuate." No orders to evacuate! - He doesn't want to get out. He wants to stay there, with bombers over him and a terrified population all around him; he . . . What was it Paul

said about being a fool for Christ's sake? He writes on: "I have sent my wife and children home to safety, but now I have adopted 326 children here in Foochow. They are looking to me for food and shelter. They are not worried; they know that their "father" will have something for them to eat, when meal time comes. They just haven't any idea that I can fail. It nearly crushes me, at times.



© Wide World Photo

Our Foochow boys were terrified, but they quieted when they learned that Merlin Bishop would stay with them



"Last week, I came to what I thought was the end. I had sent the last pound of rice in to the cook; there wasn't a grain of rice left, not a mouthful for any of us to eat. I went out under the camphor tree and prayed. That afternoon, in my mail, there was a letter from *Christian Herald*, with a big husky check!

"You ought to see the compound yard. The soldiers have come in and taken away every large stone they could find, to build forts and to block the river against the Japanese gunboats. They took the stones off the dugout I had built for the youngsters, in case of an air raid, and I had to rebuild the whole thing. The presses in our printing shop are tied up; we have no stock, and can't get any; we are cut off from Shanghai. The boys stand around the furniture shop, with nothing to work with. If it were not for those checks from America, we'd have to give up. We keep the children occupied, a little, with gas-mask drill, first-aid drill, etc. . . ."

A week later he writes: "They bombed us today. There is a Japanese airplane carrier off Foochow, and they start from there. The government is moving to Yin An, and we wonder if that means that we will get no more money from them. I have painted flags on the roof, and over the Mission gate, and one on top of the boys' dormitory, 28 by 40 feet.

"There were three raids, today. One bomb dropped on our Building No. 5, wiping it out; another on a house oc-

cupied ten days ago by a fine Chinese family, who luckily had moved out. Shrapnel fell in the midst of the boys in the yard; they picked up some pieces of jagged iron six inches long and still hot. Plaster was blown off, by concussion, and our windows were shattered. There were a lot of casualties outside our mission walls, but thank God none inside. The boys were terrified. . . ."

(We read something in another letter, from Dr. Talbot, that Bishop didn't say. It is this: "Bishop herded the boys into the Chapel and talked to them. They were wildly excited, but he quieted them. They go about now with a lot more confidence, for they know he will stay with them, whatever happens.")

There is another letter here, written at Christmas-time. It goes like this: "It was a little hard for me to get across a message on "Peace on earth, good will to men" to the boys today, while we watched for bombers overhead, but we did our best. . . . I decided to make the best of Christmas, though I was all alone. I got a little tree and put up some faded decorations and went out and bought myself a Christmas present. This I wrapped very carefully and placed under the Christmas tree. On Christmas morning I got up early and opened my present before breakfast. I boiled a cup of coffee and standing before a mirror I drank a toast to Christmas, to my family, to peace and God and Brotherhood—and my China. My Christmas turkey was a pork chop. I was just sitting down to try to enjoy it alone when a messenger came in from the Methodist Bishop in Foochow, inviting me to come over to his house and eat turkey. American turkey! I ate myself sick. I went to sleep that night thinking of Christ's words, "I will not leave you desolate." . . . Christmas was good. I am so thankful to be in China; I wouldn't be anywhere else. It's a bit hard at times, but God sent me here, so. . . ."

A month later: "Orders came from the Generalissimo that, in case the Japanese came, everything of value should be burned. It is the "scorched-earth policy." Think what that will mean. We pray hard that the invader will not come, but we can even now hear his cannon, down on the river. . . ."

(Let it be said here: the Japanese have not come, and probably will not. They have little to gain in sacrificing troops to take Foochow. The Mission will go on.)

Here is a letter from Dr. Talbot, who has just gone out to help Bishop. He writes: "Bishop is doing wonderfully well in spite of all. He does most of the buying and money-handling himself, and that's one tremendous job.

"The printing department is humming again. Bishop got hold of some printing stock, somewhere. The Methodists are having a history of their Chinese schools printed, and there are orders from the British missions and the American Board, besides some business firms. The cabinet department keeps going, but that's about all. The Catholic Fathers (!) asked us to put in a pipeline from the river for them: So we keep moving. But if the truth can be told, let me tell you this: Bishop admits that he has been digging down in his own pocket to help the

(Continued on page 55)



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré
Morrow

Left, winter scene at the Chester home—Penn Morrow at the window. Below, moonlight photo of the grounds. The dogwood stood near the front door. Photos by Bryant Chester



© Bryant Chester

What Is Home?

THAT is the question which presses on me on my every return to my native land.

I am sitting now in a window of my sister Cornelia's home near New Haven, Conn. The house stands on a hilltop and a wide, snowy landscape stretches in every direction before my enchanted eyes. (This was written in January—Editor.) The view is intrinsic in my every thought of this place. When I am in my Devon house and think of my sister, this spot, this little portion of America, flashes into my mind always, coincident with her image. Here she has spent most of her married life, here she has reared her children, here are the treasures collected through the years, objects of art, fine paintings, books, furniture, all the thousand and one material things which express her own and her husband's tastes and interests. Certainly this is a home in the most choice sense of the word.

Last year, things happened to this house. The master of it left for the long, long, final journey. The elder son, Bryant, married and went away. Then the hurricane came and destroyed several hundred of the trees, oaks and elms, centuries old. These last could be spared, for many giants still remain; but there was one tree which it was completely wicked of the hurricane to destroy. This was a huge dogwood which stood near the front door. I never saw a lovelier tree. Joyce Kilmer might well have written his famous poem about it. And a single moment of unleashed wind destroyed its years of beauty.

Cornelia says that somehow the hurricane seemed to be an outward expression

of this particular year of her life. She stood at this window in horror watching the trees crash, one after the other, until at last the dogwood went down—another living part she said, of her home had gone.

But had it? What is home? One builds a house and fills it with love and beauty and then the hurricanes come and ravish the treasures of the place and of the heart and home becomes an empty word. That trite saying, "Home is where the heart is," is stupid. For life continually robs the heart of its so-dearly-won objects.

Could one find greater sentimental security if one would think of home in a less intensely local way? For example, when I am in Devon, in my cottage where I so love to live, I am always conscious that America is my home. Were I to dwell (and contentedly enough, too) for fifty years in Devon, still the Ohio river valley where my circuit-riding grandfather preached for half a century, the hills of New Hampshire where my mother's people lived for nearly three hundred years, the Wisconsin lakes of my own girlhood, the Arizona deserts of my young womanhood, these, these and a thousand other scenes would be my racial home. These produced my breed, of these I am an inseparable part. And yet, splendid as these race associations are, they suggest home in too broad a sense to satisfy that longing for the intimate, unchanging spot to which one may belong while life shall last; a longing common to all humanity.

What is home? Is it ever actually the place where we eat and sleep and rear our families? If that answer is yes, then here in America, since the depression, there are

more millions of us who have become homeless than were made homeless in Europe by the Great War. For many years of my life, I believed that wood or brick or adobe or canvas was the stuff of which a home was built. But life has taught me I was wrong. Dearly as I loved my American house, closely as I cling to my Devon house, I know that my real home is built of soul-stuff. My basic dwelling place is within myself, founded on the resources of my own spirit. And however satisfying to my material eye I find my thatched cottage, I realize that it would be only a charming empty shell had I not found that it merely expressed in cobb and straw, the profound sense of spiritual security which has come to me. "He that dwells in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." And that secret place is the Psalmist's name for the profound conviction which Ralph Waldo Emerson had that the Universe is God. If this is so (and I believe it is so) then in very truth our dwelling place now is in the Most High and we need not pass through death to enjoy its protection, its sense of security, its abiding companionships. If, wherever one goes, wherever one's caravan pauses, that sense of spiritual security companions one, there is home and there only.

As I write these words it has begun to snow again and the world outside my window is veiled anew with beauty. Penn and I are more thrilled by a snow storm than the family here on the hill. They've had enough. But Penn hasn't skated, or skied since she was a little girl. She's not bothered about the after effects of hurricanes, tangible or intangible. It's a beautiful old world which gives her a jolly good time; so, she asks impatiently, why worry about this and that? And at her age, bless her, why should she! Home, she says, is wherever happiness is found.

Millvile Caledon Boarder

By Arthur C. Baldwin

[Conclusion]

ONLY a few days after these events, Mandy Peel slipped quietly away and the report of her legacy to the church was allowed to filter out.

Scarcely had the excitement over the news of Miss Peel's legacy died down, when other disturbing news reached Millvale. Gwen, John Dale's daughter and now wife of Blair Clouse, was dying in New York. Mr. Dale came to Bruce and begged him to go with him and Mrs. Dale to the dying girl's bedside. Bruce consented, and accompanied the grief-stricken parents to the city.

But Gwen was dead when they reached her. She had been stricken with a virulent contagious disease, Blair told them, deeply repentant. After consultation, it was decided to have the body cremated. On their return to Millvale, John Dale took Bruce by the hand and pressed it warmly.

"You're a good man, Mr. Hardy," he said, much moved. "I haven't treated you as well as you deserve, but that is going to be different hereafter."

"Blair Clouse is back," Mrs. Caleb had come up the stairs and was standing in Bruce's study door. "I was just talkin' with Fannie," she went on, encouraged by her Pastor's startled look. "She's givin' him a room in her flat."

"That means that Blair hasn't made up with his father," Bruce ruminated after he had time to absorb the startling news. "Too bad! Father and son divided that way. Both of them alone."

"I wonder what Blair's goin' to do 'bout Emma," continued Mrs. Caleb.

"I sometimes hope he's not going to do anything," Bruce remarked thoughtfully. "Emma is doing well now. When she gets



through with this night school work, I have an idea she can get a good position and do something for her family. I don't think she would look at Blair now."

Bruce toyed with a paper knife. One thing seemed clear. Blair was here and he would have to see him as soon as possible. The first glimpse Bruce had of Blair was the next Sunday morning in church. As the choir was singing its first anthem, he saw him appear in the doorway, shake hands with Joe Wallace, and follow him up the side aisle to a seat. He could also see the idle turning of heads followed by startled expressions as the people recognized the late comer. The elopement and Gwen's recent death were, of course, well known and were enough, even if there was nothing more, to make Blair stand out. He seemed dark and sleek as usual. A little stouter, perhaps, a bit flabby as if he had not exercised. Certainly there was no criticism to be passed concerning his demeanor in the pew. His eyes did not roam the church. He was quiet and unassuming and participated in the service.

Squire Clouse was not present. Bruce knew that without looking at the Squire's pew. It had been empty for many weeks. If he had been there, the width of the church would have been between him and his son. The usher had attended to this and the space was eloquent. Emma Spiger was there, however, sitting with Mary and her father in their pew where they had invited her to come. John Dale and his wife were there also. For a moment Bruce glanced in their direction but they made no sign. If Emma knew Blair had come, her eyes did not follow him.

There was an added fervor and intensity in Bruce's message that morning that the congregation felt without knowing the rea-

son. The preacher was ever conscious of the lonely young man on his left—a prodigal son, come back from a far country. Without looking at him he was addressing him. Sentences were added and applications in *ex tempore* utterance that he had not planned. His voice shook with emotion, his face glowed, his eyes shone with passion.

"My, I never saw him look so. It was like the face of an angel," exclaimed Mrs. Caleb almost in awe as she met Deacon Hart in the usual place of observation.

The Deacon's eyes were still wet and he was wiping them unashamed. "The Lord was with our boy," he exclaimed.

Together they watched the departing congregation, saw John Dale and his wife shake hands with the minister and pass out without looking round while Blair stopped as though waiting to speak to Mr. Hardy. Some nodded to Blair coolly but no one tried to talk. The general attitude was eloquent. Millvale, even the church part of it, mistrusted him and was intending to let him alone.

As the congregational line thinned out, Bruce turned to Blair, "Hello," he said simply, extending his hand. "I heard you were here."

Blair grasped the extended hand with manifest eagerness. "It seems good to get back."

"I have been looking for you," Bruce said as they shook hands. "How goes it?"

Blair cocked his head and glanced around, as if to see if no one was within hearing distance. "I've got a great story to tell you, Dominie. I've got religion. The Salvation Army helped me to see the truth and I'm saved."

Bruce nodded soberly hiding a distinct shock and sense of disappointment he felt over Blair's manner. He was too easy, too glib. None of this appeared, however, as he pressed Blair's hand. "I'm glad to hear it. We will talk it over soon."

"Any time," Blair began and then discovered that Mary Knowles had approached. "Hello," he exclaimed, putting out his hand. "I hear you are to be congratulated, Mary, or is it the Dominie? It's great news."

It seemed to Bruce that Mary was quite cool and dignified as she responded to Blair's greeting. Emma Spiger who had been at her side did not speak to him at all but slipped away while he was addressing her friend.

Two days later Blair called and Bruce seized the opportunity to start mining operations.

"Mighty nice looking church you've got started up there," Blair remarked in friendly fashion after he had settled himself. "When do you expect to get in?"

"The contractor thinks he will have the roof on in the fall and finish it up by spring," Bruce replied.

"That's less than a year," Blair estimated lazily. "Got enough money?"

"We could use more," said Bruce. "We are short more than \$5000 in our subscriptions."

Blair sat up as though a new idea had suddenly popped into his head. "Say, Dominie, I'd like to help."

Bruce smiled, amused. "I'm afraid you are not in a position to do very much."

"I could do something," he nodded confidently. "Dad's got a thousand dollars of my money yet, money my mother left me.

You get it and I'll give the church half."

The face of the young minister reddened as he absorbed the meaning of the proposal. "So that's what you came home for," he cried indignantly. "You tell me you've got religion and put on a show. And what you really want is for me to do your dirty work."

Blair seemed surprised. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," he protested as Bruce sprang to his feet. "You've got me wrong. I'm not doing anything to be ashamed of. I'm as honest as you were when you played ball with us on the Fourth." His reminiscent grin had no malice in it. "I'm offering you a clean, above-board proposition. I'm a new man, I tell you, thanks to those Salvation Army fellows and I've come home where folks know me to start all over again. I'm going to join the church, too."

"Then why don't you go to your father yourself," Bruce demanded, still incredulous.

"I have. He won't talk to me. He don't believe me. Told me to get out."

"You say he has money that belongs to you?"

"That's the way my mother left it. Anyway, I'm to have it when I'm thirty-five. I got five hundred of it when we ran off and there's a thousand left. What I'm wanting is for you to go to dad and tell him I'm straight and you think he can trust me now. See?"

"Yes, I see," Bruce nodded, a deep wrath consuming him. "Look here," he went on hotly, "if you think I can go to your father on such a flimsy testimony as you've given me, you've got a pretty low idea of my powers of understanding. I'm not fooled like that. You've got to do a lot more than go to church a few times before people around here are going to believe in you. They've got memories, these folks have. I don't believe John Dale would speak to you on the street and I am

dead certain he would not like to have you in the same church."

Blair seemed embarrassed. "I guess I was pretty bad," he mumbled. "Although I hadn't thought much about it."

"Well, it is time you did," Bruce blazed. "That's the way folks think about it here and you are going to have one hot time until you convince folks you are on the level and trying to go straight. What are you planning to do?"

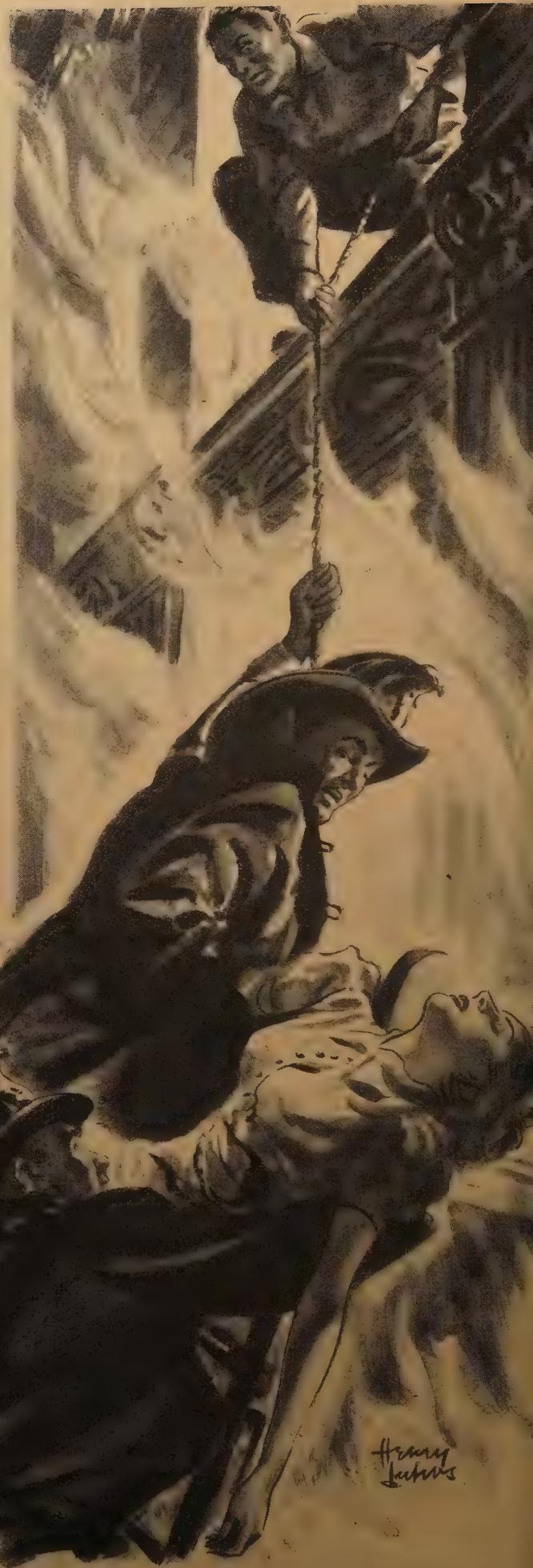
Blair brightened. "I was going to get an automobile agency. This Ford car is a comer and I know a lot about cars. I can make a good living. I'd like to have a show window and a repair shop with a mechanic to help me."

"You'll need some capital?"

"Sure, that's why I want my money. You get my money for me, Mr. Hardy and I'll show you," Blair begged. "I'm sorry about all this. Really, I am."

"How about Emma? There's a girl who has suffered, too, and you know why. Now she's working

Blair was working swiftly. A stout cord dropped to the man on the ladder. A heavy line went up. Another moment and he had lowered Emma to the eager hands below



Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

hard to get up a bit. What will you do for her?"

Blair coughed and the color mounted. His eyes sought the window, the walls, anywhere but the man before him. Finally he blurted out, "Honest Mr. Hardy. I don't know what to do. Emma and I don't belong in the same crowd."

Bruce nodded. "I know that. We all do. You have not come up to her level yet, not by a long way."

BLAIR nodded miserably. "Maybe you are right, at that."

"Well," Bruce stood up to bring the interview to a close. "I'll do what I can and if I think you mean it I'll go to your father. If you ever do get that money, though, I think Emma ought to have it instead of the church. \$500 would help her a lot and you owe her something."

"I'm going straight," Blair promised as he went out.

"See that you do," Bruce called after him.

But after his return from a four-weeks vacation, Bruce heard reports that inclined him to believe that Blair was really "going straight," as he had promised. After watching the boy through the rest of the summer, the Pastor had a long interview with Silas Hart and Col. Knowles, with the result that the two men, albeit somewhat doubtfully, agreed to endorse Blair's notes at the bank, and in a few weeks time the young man had his Ford agency started.

It was in this autumn, the third year of Bruce Hardy's ministry, that Millvale experienced the beginnings of an unexampled building boom. In addition to the construction of the new church, a series of long awaited municipal improvements was begun by the incoming administration. The mills, too, were going full blast with orders heaping up that demanded overtime labor.

"There's even Blair," the Colonel said to Bruce. "He's making money hand over fist. Everyone seems to want a car these days and he is getting his share of orders. You ought to get a good subscription from him."

"We ought to but we haven't," said Bruce sorrowfully. "I can't nail him down to anything. A while ago he told me if I would get his father to loosen up and turn over the thousand that is due him, he would divide it with the church."

YOU'D better get his money while you can," commented the Colonel, brusquely. "He's meeting his notes at the bank but what he'll do after that, I don't know. I've been hearing some things," he began and then stopped abruptly. "Between the Squire and Blair you ought to get a sizable amount and my advice to you is to get it soon," he went on. "Whether you do or not, my idea is to build this church the way it ought to be built and if we have a debt, carry it for a few years and then pay it off."

Later in the day Bruce was talking to Mary. "I like to work with your father," he remarked with great satisfaction. "He has a big vision and he looks ahead." He frowned for a moment as he contemplated his own failings. "I'm going to look ahead more. Say, when are we going to get married?" He seized her hand.

Mary's laugh was like music as she looked up gaily into his face. "And is the dear boy getting impatient?" she teased.

"You bet I am," said Bruce seriously. "I am getting pretty nearly ready to elope. We've waited too long now and we said it was going to be a short engagement."

"But mother is getting stronger," Mary said hopefully. "She came down to dinner today. Don't you think we ought to wait a little longer?"

Her eyes were pleading and Bruce kissed her. "I suppose I can wait a little, if I have to, but I need you and the whole work needs you. Remember, it is not as though you were leaving town."

"Daddy says we will be in the new church in the spring," she said, considering.

"Not later than April."

"You know how Aunt Hannah wants us to be married on a Sunday morning at the close of the service?"

"Yes, but I did not think you liked the idea."

"I don't, for some reasons, but it might be the best thing. How would it do, if mother does not get stronger, for us to be married perhaps the next Sunday after we go into the new church, not saying anything about it to avoid the excitement? Then we could live here until mother can spare us."

Bruce clasped her hand enthusiastically. "And that's a promise, dearest? No later than that?"

She nodded wordlessly and hid her face on his shoulder.

GLORY be!" He was holding her tightly. "Next April! Let's see, November, December," he tolled off the months on his fingers. "That's less than six months—but that's a long time." Suddenly his face became serious as he contemplated the expanse of days before them.

"If mother gets well, we'll be married right away," Mary promised from her place of refuge on his shoulder. "That is just the limit, dearest."

"All right, that's the limit," Bruce agreed. "Pretty soon we'll go down to Dale's and look over some fixings."

"Silly boy," she said practically, adjusting some wisps of hair as his eyes devoured her. "There will be plenty of time for all that."

"I haven't seen Blair lately," said Mary unexpectedly.

"I've got to look him up." Bruce shook his head worriedly. "I was thinking about Emma," he said at length.

"You don't have to worry about her," Mary returned quickly. "She is working hard. I shouldn't be surprised if she went into some office next spring."

Bruce nodded. "She looks well. Do you suppose?" He paused and shook his head. "No, I don't suppose Blair will ever be interested in her again. At least I hope he never will."

Mary hesitated. "I don't know," she said doubtfully. "Emma is a peculiar girl. She's deep, you know, and keeps things to herself. But sometimes, I wonder. She never speaks of him but I have seen her look. If Blair came to her in the right way, she might. I don't know. I've no right to say."

"Well, I guess there is nothing for me to do about it unless it is to try to hold on to him."

Slowly the winter months passed. Bruce Hardy was counting the days for reasons that no one in his congregation knew anything about. On the Sunday of Dr. Hancock's coming Mary and he would be married. As yet the plans were entirely hidden. The weakened condition of Mrs. Knowles made it wise to have a minimum of talk and planning. When the time was near there would be a simple announcement. Dr. Hancock would marry them at the close of the service. As yet not even Mrs. Caleb had been informed of the happy event. It was apparent to Bruce that she was fretting over the long delay but he had put her off with a recitation of the ills of Mrs. Knowles. Certainly, he assured her, with a due manifestation of sorrow, it would not be possible for Mary to leave her mother, not yet.

IT was on the day of this conversation, a day that Bruce was never to forget as long as he lived, that he left Mary somewhat early. It was four o'clock and he planned to work out an evening message before supper time. He had almost reached the house when the fire bell began ringing, clanging its one insistent note over and over. Bruce saw men running. There was heavy smoke in the center of town. Alarmed, he hurried in that direction.

"It's the Five and Ten," someone shouted. "She's burning like tinder."

Panting, breathless, Bruce came up to where a large crowd filled the street. He could see the hose cart unreeling its fire hose. The chief of the Volunteers, Spike Gregory, in helmet and rubber coat, was attempting to direct operations but there seemed to be little they could do. The smoke was too thick for anyone to enter the store. It was seeping out through every crevice. It was evident the fire had a tremendous start. When two streams of water began to play on the front of the building the heated glass broke with a crash. With the inrush of air the flames leaped and roared, turning the interior into a seething furnace, pouring out heat that forced the crowd back.

"They can't do anything with a squirt gun like that," yelled one man in disgust. "Why don't we have a fire engine?"

Why didn't they? Bruce wondered as he watched the feeble efforts of the volunteers. They were willing enough. He recognized a number of them. Blair and Dan Spiger, Hi Snowden, none of them trained for an emergency like this. It was fortunate that everyone was out of the building. But were they? He looked to the upper stories anxiously. The three stories above the main were not yet in flame. The most of it, he knew, was used as a storehouse. It was smoke-filled, of course, but that was all.

"Ah." "Look!" There was a gasp of horror. Fingers were pointing. A woman's figure had appeared in a fourth floor window. She had opened it and was leaning on the sill gasping for breath. Then she waved. It was Emma.

WAIT." "Don't jump." "They'll get to you." As they shouted Emma climbed out on the sill as though preparing to jump. Then she stepped back and waited kneeling down, her face just above the sill.

"Hurry up with that ladder," Spike Gregory shouted (*Continued on page 42*)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Infallible Security

THREE miles from our old New Hampshire home there is, or was, a great dam holding back a mighty breast of water. That engineering achievement had withstood a hundred floods and as many lashing tempests. Beneath it was a fruitful valley and a score of serene and confident villages. Its strength was demonstrated and its security never questioned.

Then came the hurricane of September 1938. The dam that had never failed, in less than thirty minutes was brushed aside like a barrier of straw, and over its foundations poured a flood that scoured the ravines to bed-rock and swept the valley with death and devastation. The spectacle that remains is one of sadness and futility. Man has again learned the lesson that before the wrath of the elements his mightiest works are as straws in the wind. Sadly I have struggled through the trails that once were shadowed by some of the finest trees in New England. Now, every forest monarch lies prostrate. From the finality of the event there is no appeal. *Where lies security?*

One late afternoon, a comparatively young woman in perfect health left our home. That day, she had particularly impressed her friends with physical well-being, but in the evening she slumped beside her kitchen table and was dead. *Where lies security?*

When I was a small boy, I distributed a San Francisco newspaper that was financially the foundation for the greatest journalistic enterprise of modern times. The fortune grew to enormous proportions—newspapers, magazines, radio stations, moving picture organizations; vast estates on two continents and priceless works of art were added until there had been achieved an almost incredible empire of power and glory. But today that kingdom has been divided and its king is in seclusion. *Where lies security?*

A SHORT generation ago the bloodiest war of human history came to an end. Presently, treaties were signed that redistributed the colonial holdings of empires and redefined twentieth-century spheres of influence. That which came out of Versailles was called by those responsible, "the great peace." With some misgivings, to be sure, but in a general and fond hope, twentieth-century civilization accepted the promise that the world had been made safe for Democracy, and that this most hideous of all armed conflicts had ended war forever. Now we know the truth and the truth is different. The world is already warring on a scale without precedent and that which has come to pass is but prophetic of the catastrophe that impends. *Where lies security?*

The question itself, though unanswered, is the most important that rises from the hearts of men. In ways beyond knowing, and with methods at times as ridiculous as they are pathetic, the question is voiced, "*Where lies security?*"

Clearly, there is a false security. "Put not your trust in princes," was an ancient admonition. The Czechs have their own word for the same principle. The promises of Munich, the engagements written there, are now revealed as of the same quality with other twentieth-century assurances of princely states. Today, there is not a treaty in existence, to which a major government has attached the signature of its authority, which is worth the paper upon which it is written. At least one of the signatories is prepared to exchange perjury for national profit.

Long since, man has discovered that there is no absolute temporal security. His barns may burn, his fields become devastated, his investments be wiped out, and his

good health destroyed. He had hoped—more, he had believed—that righteousness which the Psalmist affirms exalteth a nation, was becoming increasingly the practice of governments, and that in the twentieth century it would be accepted as the universal formula for good will and peace. But that hope is one with Nineveh and Tyre, that belief is no more than a tale that is told.

Less than a decade ago, when the stock market collapsed and the banks were closed, financial experts assured us that land and other real values were to be preferred, and that these were as solid as the granite of the eternal hills. Well, I leave the discussion of this issue to the experts in the field, but, with my associates, I have learned from bitter experience that the experts were mistaken when they gave us that advice—less than ten years ago.

Where is final security? One thing is sure beyond debate: false security, however brave the promise and however slow the verdict, becomes at last *lost security*. With lost security comes disillusionment, bitterness, defeat. The moral collapse is even more tragic than the financial, economic, social or physical collapse. Those who raise the question, "*Where lies security?*" and who receive the wrong answer, however they may in good faith accept it, are destined to find themselves in an unspeakably worse state than that in which they were before they began to hope. Almost unforgivable is the sin of the individual or organization or government that raises false expectations in the souls of men; almost unforgivable is the social crime of those who capitalize on the credulity of the unwise to advance their own selfish interests. Here is the fruitful field of the demagogue; here blind leaders of the blind despoil the past good, debase the present prospect, and destroy the future promise.

If then there is no infallible security in time and space, how may we become secure? Or, is security at its best the poet's fancy and at its worst, or in truth, a mad man's dream? I would not have begun this editorial if there were inevitably a negative answer to this question. Security, infallible security, *is*, and may be possessed by the humblest person. There is a peace that passeth knowledge; there is a vital and vitalizing faith that makes this peace real; there is a level of life available to every man and every woman upon which "all things work together for good." You who read this are competent witnesses to the unanswerable fact. In our homes, in our clubs, in our churches, in our immediate social circles and throughout the world everywhere, are personalities who possess and who radiate infallible security. They do not evade life, they do not avoid issues, nor is theirs a Pollyanna attitude toward reality. They do overcome the world in which they live and move and have their physical being. Being sick, racked with disease and pain, they demonstrate the truth that we may become perfect in suffering; experiencing financial reverses, witnessing the failure of their business plans and the dissolution of their economic structure, they demonstrate conclusively the fact that success is not in things, that things may disappear without the loss of either moral integrity or fundamental happiness.

In December 1929, I visited an old

COOPERATION THE FACE OF WORLD EVILS



THE SPIRIT OF '39

friend in a great city of the Middle West. He was then living in what had been his garage; the banks had taken over his properties. As we stood together one afternoon, he pointed to a great hospital that his fortune had built and endowed. With a smile that was genuine and a voice that carried conviction, he said, "I still have that!" Yes, he still had *that*—his was infallible security.

One afternoon within the year, a woman sat in the living-room of our home and discussed with me certain activities then being organized to aid German refugees. Hers is a gracious, contagious personality; she radiates confidence and has again and again organized success. She is, I think, one of the most useful citizens of her great community. She is a Jew. Before we separated she said, "But I cannot hate Hitler." Her voice broke a little then, her eyes filled with tears, but she repeated, "I cannot hate Hitler." She spoke the bare and utter truth. Her life is such that she cannot hate. She can and does face reality. She can and does give her best efforts to answer the horrors that are the responsibility of those who do hate and she does relieve the suffering of those who are the victims of hate. But she *herself* cannot hate.

During recent months, editorial writers and columnists have been in general disagreement as to the solution for the world's problem. Seldom have two writ-

ers agreed upon a policy. One has been for the Chamberlain program at Munich and another has denounced it as the high infamy of a century. One has expressed the opinion that Munich, while not a peace, was at least a postponement, offering the democratic nations the opportunity to make more adequate preparations for a possible future conflict, insisting the while that always time runs with freedom and that absolutism draws daily nearer the inevitable disaster; but another points out the lost barrier of Czecho-Slovakia, Hitler's released thirty divisions and seven hundred planes of war, with the final obliteration of the Czechs. We have military experts who advocate the immediate construction of ten thousand fighting planes, but they are answered by other experts who point out that every three months a fighting plane becomes obsolete.

But, though the authorities disagree in the very field of their authority, more and more all publicists have come to see eye to eye in the field of morality and religion. The sweetest song of twenty years ago was Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," and the one line the world cannot forget is, "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree." That immortal verse caught up the spirit of its time and made articulate a truth that is timeless. Whatever men may accomplish, the achievement of life itself is the virtue and creation of God himself, of "the divinity

that shapes our ends."

In Him and in Him alone is infallible security. From Him as from no other source must we receive the answer to our question and the solution of our problem. Not that man shall be eased out of his dilemma or excused from the tragic responsibility of his crimes against men, but until he *does* hear God speak, until he *does* seek the answer to his question at the source of all wisdom, man cannot hope to save himself nor his world.

This is essentially the conclusion of editors and columnists, and of popular writers in all fields. David Lawrence, of the *United States Daily*, takes a full page to elaborate the principle and to call the believing world to prayer. Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann are found keeping step with the Archbishop of Canterbury and lesser priests in the churches and synagogues of all faiths. "Faith of our fathers living still, in spite of dungeon, fire and sword" has become more than a marching song—it is the trumpet-like expression of a world's undying faith—the faith of a world that refuses to die *like this!* The communication of England's greatest Liberal statesman, addressed to the Holy See and praying that a world peace conference be called, might become a twentieth-century version of "not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts!"

DANIEL A. POLING



May, 1939

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour.

BY DR. JOHN F. FARIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, MAY 1

THERE IS NO SEPARATION.
READ ROMANS 8:31-39.

AFTER many years they still tell at Princeton Theological Seminary of a professor, grown old in service of the Master who gave out in chapel a hymn of faith and love. As he repeated the words:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose,
Will never—no never—no never—"

he paused, unconscious of the students; he was lost in wonder as he gazed into the face of the Lord.

So often Paul in his writing rose to heights so glorious that he was unable to express all his thoughts. Do you think he said all he wanted to when he wrote the words of today's reading? He had seen and heard things of which he could not speak. During those days of blindness in Damascus after the Lord appeared to him, surely he learned things that he could not put into words. He was like the man of whom he told in II Cor. 2:4. If only Paul might have told all he knew and saw! But he has told enough to make us stand in awe in the presence of our Lord.

We praise thee, O God, that Thou art ever with us—if we choose to be with thee. May we choose Thy companionship always, and so learn the joy that passes knowledge. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 2

GOD IS IN HIS WORLD.
READ PSALM 73.

IN THESE days it is easy to understand the feelings of Elijah as related in I Kings, chapter 19. He thought that evil was triumphant, that God was forgetting his promises, that he might as well die. But how wonderfully God spoke to him!

More than once the Psalmist was dismayed as he thought of things that were going wrong. He was about to share with others his dismay. But he thought in time of the grievous hurt he might do to others if he spoke. He decided on a better course: he went to church. There God revealed himself anew. The Psalmist was at peace once more.

These are days when so many, usually optimistic, become pessimists. God is

forgotten. Let us not join the pessimists, but let us draw closer to God.

O God, when our feet are almost gone—when our steps are slipping—be thou our stay. Reveal thyself to us and to thy world, and in thine own way and time put an end to selfishness and greed. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

LIVING IN A RAINBOW.
READ PSALM 32:7-11.

"SHE is always joyful!" a woman said of a friend. "No matter what troubles the rest of us, she seems bright and happy. She makes me think she is living in a perpetual rainbow!"

"My window looks toward the east!" another woman said, when an acquaintance asked as to her ability to rise superior to the cares that were engulfing so many others. "In the morning I see the sun rise. And if clouds hide the sun, I tell myself that warmth and light are back of the clouds."

Why do not more people live in a rainbow or look from an east window? There is no monopoly on rainbows; there is no prohibitive tax on windows. Both rainbow and sunshine are abundant for those whose lives are hid with Christ in God, who are learning to say with Paul, "To me to live is Christ."

O Thou who, for the joy that was set before Thee, didst endure the Cross, teach us Thy joy. In Thy light may we see light; in Thy life may we have life, abundant life. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 4

HE MINDS THE SPARROWS.
READ MATTHEW 6:25, 26; 10:29, 30.

A TRAVELER whose vessel paused over night at the bar near the mouth of the Surinam River in Dutch Guiana watched in wonder the evening flight of tens of thousands of parrots from their daily feeding grounds in the jungle along the tributary Cottica River to their roosting place on the seashore. How surely they moved! They knew just where to go, and when. And to think that there are thousands of such flights every day, and that God marks each bird in each flight!

A college student asked one to whose sermon he had just listened, "Do you really believe that God looks out for

individuals? That seems to me such arrant nonsense. How can such a busy God have time for my little affairs? But He does have time. And He does care for us. Jesus, in giving assurance of the fact, used such plain illustration that we must believe. Shall not He who marks the sparrow's fall, who feeds the fowls of the air, look after us also?

Saviour, enable us to see Thee as Thou art, to know our Father and His loving care. Strengthen our faith, and save us from unbelief. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 5

WHEN FEAR VANISHES.
READ ISAIAH 35:3-10.

A MAN went to the factory mail box with drawn face; he dreaded the receipt of the slip telling of discharge. A school girl waited with bated breath the receipt of her examination grades. What if she had failed? A sixteen-year-old boy in Leningrad looked anxiously about him before he answered any questions; he was afraid lest he be overheard, and that a penalty worse than death might be his.

Fear . . . fear . . . fear! Men, women, even children, are afflicted with it. For many, life is a long nightmare of fear. And their anxiety is so needless. If only they knew the joy of casting all their care on Him who cares for them! of hearing the glad message, "Be strong, fear not." If we will, we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

O Master, teach us the secret of Thy strength. Give us Thy peace, that nothing may have power to dismay us. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 6

"GOD IS GOOD."
READ LUKE 15:11-32.

OF THE pictures of God which Jesus has given us, is there any more delightful than that in the Parable of the Prodigal? Always Jesus taught that God is good. To the anxious young man who came to Him for guidance, he said, "There is none good but one, that God."

That was the consolation of a husband and a wife at a time when their household goods were stored in a warehouse threatened by a Mississippi River flood, who had just heard of a run

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

the bank in which were all their savings, and to cap the climax, the husband's position was threatened. Yet that day proved to be one of the most joyful of their married life; they took a long walk, and talked for hours of God's goodness.

Once a son in college wrote to his father of his financial difficulties. His letter came to the father when he himself was in the midst of great perplexity and trial. But what a letter he sent to his son!

"Whatever comes, remember always that God is good—good—good, fitting Himself to our frailty with infinite patience and wonderful skill. Never forget that fact. Bank on it, and all will be well."

Father, enable me to say with the Prophet of old, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord." Amen.

SUNDAY, MAY 7

DELIVERED FROM PRISON.
READ ACTS 12:5-17.

NOT long ago a popular magazine told the story of a woman who accidentally learned that a physician she had consulted said that she had ahead of her but three months of good health. Then, he said, she would go into a rapid decline, and life on earth would end. At first, of course, she was greatly troubled. She felt as if she were in prison, from which there was no release. Soon, however, she recovered her poise; from that day she lived quietly and peacefully, without worry, serving where and when she could. Then she learned that the message from her physician had been intended for another of similar name. No time was needed for readjustment. She had already adjusted her thoughts. Her real deliverance from prison came when she faced what she thought was her future, and turned her hand to doing the next thing.

What is your prison? You can get out of it, if you will.

O Thou who didst send thy messenger to open Peter's prison doors, reveal thyself to us, that we may find deliverance and peace, and may give ourselves to opening prison doors for others. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 8

VICTORY!
READ ACTS 28:23-31.

PAUL would have felt like taking the hand of a young San Francisco girl who loved out-of-door life. When she was told she must lose her sight, she wept for a few hours. Then, with a smile, she set out on an expedition into the forest. Until her sight was gone beyond recovery she persisted in her out-of-door life, determined to fill her mind with visions on which she could feast in her days of blindness.

If Paul had been like some modern

Christians, he might have said, when he was a prisoner doomed to death: "Then why keep on with the hard things I have been doing? Now is a good time to quit." Of course Paul had no such thought. He preached Christ to his visitors, and he wrote those wonderful letters to instruct and strengthen the young Church.

Forgive us, O God, for every moment of repining and complaining. May the vision of thy Son, who emptied himself for us, taking the form of a servant that He might win us for thee, take and keep possession of us all. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 9

GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.
READ PSALM 46.

ONE reader of Psalm 46 says that, no matter what his anxiety and trouble, it seems to him that when he reads the triumphant words of the Singer of Israel, as if he were passing at once out of the world's clamor and strife, and is soothed as in a great cathedral, where the light streams from the stained-glass windows, when the only sound is the music from the great organ that echoes through the vaults and arches about him. For this Psalm is the Old Testament pre-vision of the words of the Master, "Let not your heart be troubled." And the reason? "Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

In thee, Lord Jesus, may we find calm amid tumult, quiet amid confusion. When tribulations threaten, give us thyself, thou who hast overcome the world. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

PARTNERS OF THE ALMIGHTY.
READ PHILIPPIANS 3:1-14.

PAUL had a hard time. But he rejoiced in hardship. Not that he sought hard things, but he was ready for every difficulty that confronted him; for his life was given to God. Probably he would have been frightened if, when he was a young man, he had been told what was before him. Yet, when the day of testing came, he was ready for everything, for he knew that he did not have to do things alone. He knew that he was yoke-fellow of Jesus Christ, who said, "Take my yoke upon you . . . for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." So Paul declared, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

We thank Thee, Lord, that we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. Thou art ours, and we are thine. Defend us, protect us, strengthen us, and teach us how to live in thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 11

LETTING GOD LEAD.
READ I KINGS 5:8-14.

"**L**ORD, send me anywhere but to the blanket Indians," prayed a young woman

years ago. But God did send her to that particularly objectionable tribe of Indians. At first she rebelled, but all became well with her when she did what God asked. "Father, give me anything to do but work in this town," a young man prayed. Yet God kept him in that town, and life took on new meaning.

Anyone who has seen the Abana River, that clothes Damascus in beauty, in the midst of desert wastes, can sympathize with Naaman in his preference for his own streams rather than the dirty Jordan. But God was asking for faith to do what he was told to do. Naaman did it; and his disease was healed.

How often we object to doing what God wants us to do! Fortunate are those who have learned that opposition to Him brings sorrow; that going where He leads, doing what he says, transforms life.

Have mercy upon me, O God, for I am weak. Lighten my darkness, that I may rejoice in Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 12

SHE KNEW SHE WAS SAFE.
READ PSALM 4.

ON A rainy Sunday evening a father asked his five-year-old daughter to go downstairs after his overshoes. When she had started on her way, the mother said, "Had you forgotten that she has always been afraid in the dark?" To make matters worse for the child, there was no light on the stairs, no light on the entire way to the shed where she was bound. So when the little girl returned, father and mother expected to see her in tears. But she smiled as she said, "There they are, father!" "Weren't you afraid?" she was asked. "No, never any more fear in the dark!" she said. "You see, teacher in Sunday School taught me the verse about David and God, and peace and sleep. I said that verse over and over as I went down the stairs. Of course I left out the part about sleeping. But teacher said the Lord would keep me safely, and He did!" She was asked to tell more. "It seemed as if Jesus was holding my hand," she said.

What glory it would be for us if we could learn that child's simple faith!

O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust. Thou dost teach us out of the mouth of babes. We thank thee for their presence in the home, for their laughter and their tears. Enable us to help them laugh and to keep them from tears. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 13

OUR HOPE IS IN GOD.
READ PSALM 130:1-8.

HUNTERS have told of an antelope which prepares a place for her young by leaping into a thorn thicket, trampling down the central portion. There she

(Continued on page 40)



FAITH

A Sermon by

ALBERT EDWARD DAY



IT IS a commonplace that in most of the crucial matters of life, we are compelled to transcend knowledge, to choose without perfect reasons, to act in adventurous trust. Every move the scientist makes in his investigations is made upon an *assumption* this is a rational universe. Nobody has proved that. Nobody can prove it. One would have to be as omniscient as God to declare that he knows it to be a fact. Nevertheless, the scientist proceeds with his experiments upon a faith that he is dealing with a universe whose behavior is discoverable, describable, dependable.

Every morning as he turns the key of store or office the business man assumes that the financial structure of the country is sound. The moment he and others begin to doubt, paralysis falls upon business, money goes into hiding, investment ceases, trade slows down, new enterprises are postponed, banks are choked with idle funds, and the land is full of idle hands and idle brains. It is only faith that unlocks vaults, opens channels of trade, starts construction, stimulates buyers and sellers, investors and promoters. Not competition but confidence is the life of trade. And confidence is always the child of faith. No man or group of men can ever be sure of all the factors in the economic processes, sure of government, sure of banks, sure of the demands of labor, or the quirks of capital, sure of the weather, sure of what is commonly known as "the acts of God." They must always transcend the facts at their command at any moment with a leap of faith.

Government survives and has authority only through faith. Men feel uncertain about Mr. Roosevelt. Does he really mean his friendly gesture toward business? Or is it only a mood? Will he accept the present debt limitation and refuse to imperil the future by a dizzying increase in public expenditure? Who knows? That is true not merely of Mr. Roosevelt. It is true of every administration. If Mr. Coolidge were in the presidential chair, we might feel a bit more sure about the debt, but we could not be scientifically certain what he would do about the tragedies of the depression, and about the threat of dictators who are gradually devouring every semblance of liberty on the Continent. Some men would be much happier if we had a

Coolidge in the White House. But some would be much less happy. In either case it would be a matter of faith. Without confidence in government, there is unrest, paralysis, ultimately revolution. But confidence is never the sum of factors as ascertainable and unquestionable as the sum of two and two. It arises out of facts, but it always goes beyond them.

Every friendship is builded upon faith. You meet a person. You like his looks. His manners are pleasing. His mental activity is impressive. His conversation charms. He wears the halo of success. His reputation has no shadow upon it. You "fall for him." Or, you may be more cautious and experiment with him for a time ere you surrender the key to your heart. Your friendship is founded upon facts, but your facts are never all-inclusive. There is always a hidden area in his personality that must be covered by a faith—faith that the rest of him is like what you know of him, faith that self-interest will never make him traitor to your trust. Jesus had his Judas, Caesar had his Brutus. If you live long enough, you will have yours. You know that. You know that you can never be sure of any heart that you take to your own. But, you go on in the venture of friendship in spite of the Judases and Brutuses and all their successors, preferring to take a chance with love rather than live in the awful security of the solitary.

In minor matters faith plays a minor role. If you want to cross the street you know all that is involved. The crossing is plainly marked. The traffic light will indicate when to start. Your eyes will tell you in what direction to go in order to reach the other side. Muscular coordination will do the rest. To be sure there is a chance even then. Your heart might suddenly fail. Some drunken driver might come crashing along careless of life and the law. But the chances are minimum. No great faith is required to take you across the street. Not so, however, when you cross "our bourne of time and place." Every step of that journey is a venture of faith. Edgar Guest said it rather sarcastically concerning one little area—

"Politics is just a lawk,
Don't you know?
Just a nightmare in the dawk.
Don't you know?"



You perspiah all day and night,
Then after all the fight,
Perhaps the wrong man's right,
Don't you know?"

"Just a nightmare in the dark"—with an emphasis on the dark! Sometimes life seems to be just that! Walter H. Houston has said it more seriously and succinctly;—"It is a part of the tragedy of human life—or if we have the heart to say it, it is part of life's high adventure—that in all the supreme decisions we have to make, we are obliged to act upon insufficient evidence. . . . Marriage, choosing a vocation, or refusing to support one's country in case of a crisis, or choosing a religion or a philosophy of life. Obviously, these are the supreme decisions of life, and should be made in the light of the completest possible survey of fac-

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logic on fact, but creatures of imagination, insight, personal need.

That should not mean that one must accept every interpretation the past has offered him, or the present has affirmed. It does not even imply that one should assume without question the integrity of his government, believe every financial

over his head leading a procession of the faithful out from a threatened village to meet the menacing flow of lava, believing that prayer and the sign of the Cross would halt the fiery cavalcade. But it was not halted. Mistaken faith was no match for the fury of the volcano. Faith which is held in oblivion of fact soon comes to grief and deluges the believer with disappointment and disaster.

In one of Lewis Carroll's stories, one of the characters is finding it difficult to believe something urged by another. Whereupon, this earnest advice was given: "Shut your eyes real tight and try real hard." It would be difficult to imagine a greater insanity than that. One ought not to shut one's eyes to any fact or try very hard to believe anything. That is mental dishonesty. Persistence in it will warp the mind until the mind loses capacity to distinguish between fact and fable, between truth and error. I would risk my eternal salvation on the conviction that the first thing God wants in any man is absolute honesty! And the second is like unto it, a passion unto truth! And the third is the inevitable corollary—a faith that is the free and courageous answer of the soul to evidence. To assume that God wants a faith that is woven out of willful ignorance or stubborn determination to believe as true what seems false, is to blaspheme God, make him a liar, the author of confusion, a divine demagogue who deceives people as to the real situation confronting them.

The wise man exposes his faith to facts. He employs all his power of observation. He summons experience. He weighs the testimony of others, past and present. He recognizes every fact as a friend. He knows that people have often been mistaken in their beliefs. He does not intend to build his house of faith upon the shifting sands of illusion. When he gets facts, he sifts them. Some of them are dubious, and he will classify them so. Others of them will be contradictory. Instead of ignoring the contradiction and stubbornly clinging to the bit of evidence that pleases his fancy, he will study the probabilities. Emily Dickinson was subject to much irresponsible gossip during her life time. Legends that distorted and vulgarized were given wide circulation. Many a "hot and quaint tale" emanated from sources close to the poet herself. A biographer must admit all of that into the evidence. But on the other hand, there is Emily's own statement: "My life has been too simple and stern to embarrass any." A biographer must admit that into the evidence too. Evidence, therefore, is in conflict. One could say that she was "light of love" and find support for the statement. He could also say that her soul was as white as the dresses she wore from the day of her heartbreak until the day of her death. The biographers have made up their mind. They believe in Emily. Their faith is founded on fact. But both faith and fact had to

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Dr. Albert Edward Day

With this Truly Great Sermon

... we start a series by the great preachers of America dealing with the faults and virtues common to mankind. Other subjects will be Laziness, Reliability, Disloyalty, Generosity, Hypocrisy, Selfishness, Patriotism, Greed, Thrift and Vanity. Next month Dr. Sheldon on Selfishness—followed in succeeding months by Lynn Harold Hough, E. McNeill Poteat, Harold Ockenga, O. F. Blackwelder, Oscar Johnson, Dean Wicks, L. H. Evans, R. V. Veh, James Fort Newton and C. V. Poling.

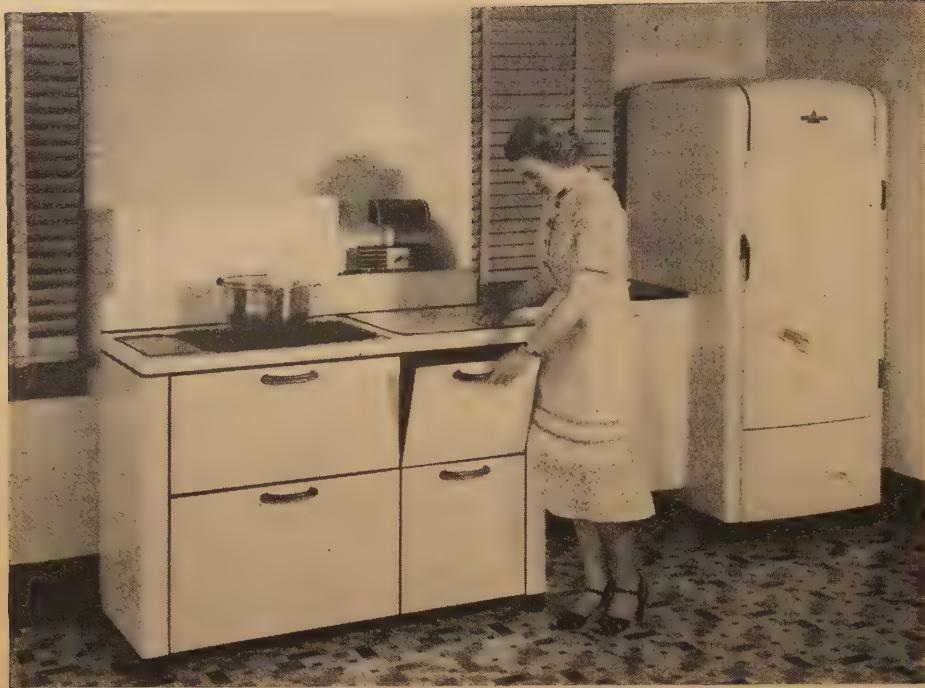
After reading Dr. Day's sermon we feel sure you will not want to miss any of them.

But, it is equally obvious that no such complete survey is available, and to wait too long for insufficient information is to run the risk of making precisely the worst possible decision, which is the decision not to decide." In other words, it isn't a question whether a man will have faith. He *must* have it if he is to live in any worthy sense of the word. Without it, there is no art or science, no commerce or government, no vocation or vocation, not even the conventional "love, music, and salad."

Faith is an interpretation of facts, but goes beyond the facts themselves. By such interpretations every one of us is guided in every phase of his life. We live by interpretations—interpretations of nature, of men, of the universe, of God. And interpretations in great matters, especially, are not wholly the operation of



prospectus placed in his hand, receive into the arms of friendship every promising candidate, trust any declaration about God and life which is read in a book or proclaimed by a church council or promotive of good feeling. Faith must never be ignorant of fact or defiant of fact but must be constantly reviewed in the light of facts, for facts ultimately have their way. The citizens of Los Angeles had such an absolute faith in their city government that they continued it in office and denounced as fanatics and Puritans and meddlers those who raised questions or called attention to the prevalence of vice and crime. But Los Angeles has had a rude and terrible awakening. The peoples' faith did not save them. When Vesuvius went on a rampage a few years ago, the movies brought to America the picture of a priest with a cross held high



The Meat Keeper in this 1939 refrigerator has been enlarged from ten to fifteen pounds capacity, and the storage area maintains a temperature four degrees lower than the rest of the refrigerator

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Director

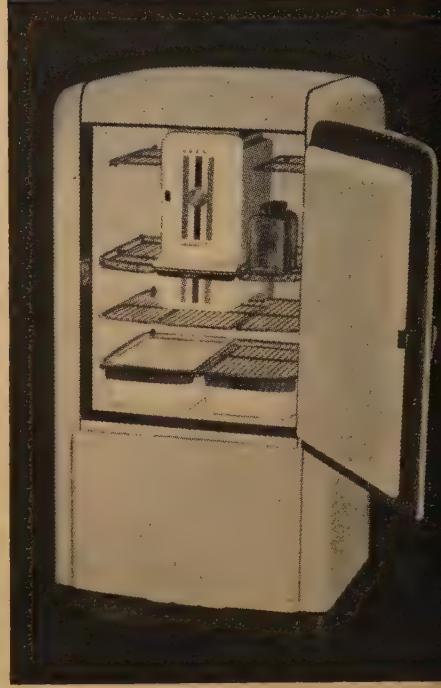
CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

 A HOME-WOMAN'S most constant companions are her stove and refrigerator. If these kitchen helpers are obedient, faithful servants they can add hours to her day, save dollars for her budget and help keep the worry wrinkles away.

You don't believe it? Think a moment on the kerosene stove of thirty years ago. A trickster to be watched constantly! It smoked, it smelled, it blackened the bottoms of pots and pans, it burned the bottom of the biscuits. It flared in a draught. It might go up in flame at any moment, given half a chance. That was no stove to keep a bride's heart young.

Take a look at the kerosene stove a

Both range and refrigerator here are of the oil-burning type and available to isolated rural homes



This latest model Norge refrigerator defrosts, instant ice release, automatic light, fruit drawer, coldpack, pullout shelf,

A Woman's Best ... Or her dearest enemies are the kitchen stove and the refrigerator

country bride may buy today. It is a streamlined beauty, built on the same smooth-flowing, sophisticated lines as ranges that run with gas or electricity. The modern oil stove does not parade its usefulness. Powerful burners, oil tanks, oven, even the cooking top, are concealed behind smooth porcelain panels. All parts are rust-resisting and as easy to keep clean as a china plate. Yet in a twinkling these stoves can be transformed from enamel-topped table to efficient range.

Two spring arrivals of two leading companies are pictured on this page. Features they share in common are corner edges smoothly rounded, all unsightly projections eliminated. Burners are fastened securely to a heavy fuel supply line. There are no stuffing boxes or sliding joints to get out of order or leak kerosene. The heat can be controlled to the least degree. You adjust the burner to the exact flame desired and there it stays, your obedient servant. On low flame it is practical for slowly warming milk. On high flame it can sear a thick steak in record time. Skeptical of this power heat? All right try this test. Turn the heat on full blast. Take a pencil and pass it above the cooking grate. The pencil bursts instantly into flame. Or use your hand, if you would be really convinced and nicely burned. The flame cannot touch the cooking utensil, yet the heat at the cooking surface is greater than at the flame itself. There is no smoke, no smell to these stoves. Every bit of kerosene is turned into heat.

One stove carries a patented cotton wick especially spun and woven to feed uniformly. It cannot shrink or stretch. The wick has a perfect chisel edge tested and shaped by actual burning before packing. Easily it moves, either up or down by a hand wheel, assuring even and minute control of the flame.

Another point this company makes lot over is the stove's "live heat" oven. This employs a large volume of constantly moving fresh heated air that passes through small openings at the top of the oven, then moves downward between the oven walls and out. Hot air passing between the walls helps to retain even heat within the oven without the use of inner packing.

The burners are mounted on a sliding shelf which pulls out right under your hand for easy lighting. These burners, together with a one-gallon fuel reservoir, serving them, can be lifted out and used (with a folding stove frame supplied at a small additional cost) as a separate two-burner stove for canning, laundry, dairy or other uses. The cooking-top burners operate entirely independently of the oven burners, being served by a separate two-gallon fuel reservoir.

The flat-top oil range possessed by the young married couple shown in the photograph has a wickless burner. Oil flows into the burner bowl saturating an asbestos kindler which is easily lighted with match. Heat causes oil to vaporize and combine with heated air within the chimney, forming a gas which burns completely, producing a clean hot flame "focused



Ice-cube removal is so simple in this new General Electric refrigerator that a child can do it. Just insert release lever, press—and presto! two cubes are popped out



A modern oil range is a thrill for newly weds and old married couples alike, especially when it's a smart stream-lined Table Top model like this

Friends

on the cooking. There is fingertip oven heat control and a sensitive thermometer on the end wall that takes the guess-work out of baking. A heat-spreader over the two oven burners prevents food burning on the bottom. Every little detail in construction has been carefully considered. The stove has leg levelers and non-tip-over racks with safety tops. The concealed metal tanks have an accurate gauge which can be seen from the outside. The stove's folding top forms a back splasher. There is a set-back pedestal base providing toe room.

No matter where you live you can cook with gas. Those far from a gas main can use the bottled variety. With a stove especially built for this—a stove as modern as the regular type gas range yet with powerful ring-type burners that focus the cooking heat. It offers automatic oven heat control, a smokeless broiler pan and oven racks that move out easily on ball bearing slides; non-tipping. The top burners have automatic lighters.

Features of this spring's electric stoves include big insulated ovens, handy utensil drawers, electric lamps and clocks that watch the oven for you and the latest improved heating units and controls. The deep well cooker is a convenience rapidly winning favor with cooks. One new model is equipped with a cooking utensil and a baking grid for use in preparing a complete meal, for cooking two or more vegetables at one time or for soup making or deep fat frying or small baking jobs. The well has heat-retaining walls and is a current saver by doing many tasks usually done in the oven or cooked on the regular units. You can cook a complete meal in one of these, meat and two vegetables, for as little as one cent.

Guess again if you think electric cooking is expensive. A government survey in thirty-four cities showed the average electric range used only 111 kilowatt hours per month. Other ranges are more efficient than the average, one using as little as 80 kilowatt hours per month in a similar study.

There is a general notion that electric cooking takes longer. It doesn't. Less water is required, therefore food cooks more quickly, retaining its full measure of flavor. There is a twin-unit oven in one stove, for instance, that can be brought to a temperature of 400 degrees in exactly seven minutes.

The refrigerator today is a highly perfected mechanism. It is low-priced, efficient, trouble-free, long-lived. There is a refrigerator for every need and purse, three general types available: gas, electric, kerosene. The kerosene refrigerator is for the rural home out of reach of gas or electricity. This is made in various sizes, looks like any other mechanical refrigerator and can be used anywhere you can buy kerosene. The powerful burners do their day's work in about two hours. During twenty-two of the twenty-four hours there is no flame, no fuel consumed, no heat generated, but refrigeration is continuous. Its principle is the absorption of heat in changing a liquid to vapor—as simple as the cooling of the human body by evaporation of perspiration. This hermetically sealed system contains ammonia and water. Evaporation of the ammonia causes the cooling effect known as refrigeration. This refrigerator, like any other, freezes ice cubes or freezes ice cream. It takes a minute to fill, a minute to light. The whole system is as self-contained as that of an automobile engine.

For ten years refrigerator makers have been struggling to boost the atmospheric humidity inside the storage containers to reduce the dehydration of food that takes place in cold dry air. It sounds easy but

high humidity may do more harm than good unless it is combined with proper temperature. Bacteria and mold thrive on moisture unless the temperature is lowered accordingly to counteract this effect. This spring several companies come forward with models that overcome the dehydration obstacle. One company offers refrigeration with dual temperature. Two different food compartments, virtually two refrigerators, each maintaining separate temperature humidity conditions. In the larger compartment is a sterilamp which makes use of the ultra violet ray sterilization of air, an adaptation of a lamp now widely used in hospital operating rooms. Its sterilizing ray is designed to kill bacteria and mold so that fresh foods are actually kept fresh in sterile air. An upper compartment has a plate coil in the rear which is said never to frost. Higher humidities in this compartment which is cooled to forty-five degrees permits the storage of uncovered vegetables, lettuce, celery, etc., without dehydration.

Along this line of invention is the new refrigerator that blends extra cold with extra moisture in proper proportions. It has two completely separate refrigerating systems—one to maintain refrigerating temperatures and moisture for the food under forty degrees; the other to provide near zero temperatures constantly for freezing ice and ice cream and safely storing frozen foods.

Still another company announces the new "cold wall" model, again a two-refrigeration innovation, the lower half of the food cabinet divided from the upper by means of a solid glass shelf. Dry air circulation is abandoned in the lower section in favor of fresh moist air made possible by a cooling system behind the lower half of the porcelain lining. Entirely surrounded by air which is virtually up to its full capacity for holding moisture, even the most temperamental vegetables and fruits reach a point in (Continued on page 52)

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

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lies down to await the coming of her young. The fringe of thorn thicket left proves an effective guard against enemies.

So the Christian is protected from enemies by the defences God has set up about him. If we call on Him to help us, He will do as we ask, in His own wise way protecting us from danger, giving us confidence and joy.

Reveal thyself to us in all thy might, O God. Teach us that thy strength is for us. Amen.

SUNDAY, MAY 14

MIRACLES ARE POSSIBLE.

READ JOSHUA 3:14-17.

THE papers told in January of a new translation of the Bible that speaks of miracles as "incidents" and "occurrences." Why do so many Christians stumble at the mighty works of God? They are like the Japanese, who refuse to recognize that there exists a state of war in China; officially, and in the newspapers, the campaign of savagery is spoken of as "the Chinese Incident." Is it any the less war by reason of the subterfuge? And can we get away from the miracles by the use of covering words or labored explanations?

We rejoice, O God, that thou doest "According to thy will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," and that we are the sons of our mighty Father. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 15

AT THE HOUSE OF ZACCHEUS.

READ LUKE 1:1-10.

A YOUNG convention delegate was dismayed when he found that he was quartered at the house of a coal truckman. The bedroom had no heat, and the thermometer was below zero. Breakfast was eaten in a lean-to where snow penetrated in little drifts. When those at the church learned where the guest was, they asked to take him elsewhere. But he remembered how his hosts had welcomed his conversation—so he stayed; and the outcome was a tremendous change in the lives of those who had been giving him their best.

Fault was found with Jesus because He made friends of publicans and sinners. Why did He go to the house of Zaccheus, they demanded. But Jesus knew—and at Zaccheus' house he stayed.

Lord, forgive me that I have so often sought selfish comfort when I might have done Thy work at the cost of just a little inconvenience. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 16

DON'T BE CUMBERED.

READ LUKE 10:38-42.

MARY had a beautiful nature. Martha was faithful and helpful. It is well to

remember the good qualities of both. But in connection with this passage it is well to have in mind a message written to women at home by the devoted missionary, Mary Slessor of Calabar:

"Don't grow nervous... Gird yourself for the battle outside somewhere, and keep your heart young. Give up your whole being to create music everywhere, in the light places or in the dark places, and your life will make melody. I am witness to the perfect happiness and joy of a single life. It is rare. It is as exhilarating as an aeroplane or a dirigible. Mine has been such a joyous service. God has been good to me, letting me serve Him in this humble way."

We praise thee, O God, for men and women who have made the world better by their lives. Empty us of every thing that hinders such service as theirs, and put into us what thou seest we need. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17

ENDURING HARDNESS.

READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-7.

A SOLDIER who was having some trying experiences wrote to his mother: "Why should I complain? It seems sometimes that I must let the work slip off on other people perhaps more burdened than myself. My happy moments are those which I spend with my Bible during the night watches. I am happy, too, when I read the little verse you wrote in the front of my Testament and so thankful to understand its deeper meaning." The verse was from Emerson:

*So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, 'I can.'*

Be present with me, my Saviour, that, when necessary, I may do hard things for thee. From day to day may I grow in the knowledge of thee, that I may give to others the knowledge of thy gentle strength. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 18

THE HEROISM OF CONFESSING CHRIST.

READ JOHN 7:45-53.

WE ARE not told that Nicodemus became a confessed follower of Jesus Christ. For a man in his position that may have required more courage than he had. He did defend Christ before His enemies. But how good it would be if we could be sure that he was one of those who hearkened to the call, "Follow me!"

Today many are almost persuaded to accept Christ. But they are afraid to take the decisive step. It might help some of them to read the story of the last days of Andrew Jackson, whom people of three generations ago called "Old Hickory." They honored him for his heroism in battle and for his courage in facing opponents. But the most heroic thing he ever did happened when he was an old man. Then, like a little child, he

told friends and neighbors that he had found the Lord. He became a member of the Church, and was a faithful Christian the remainder of his days.

Give us courage, O Lord, not only to learn of Thee, but to make Thee our King. Bless those who are halting on the brink of confessing Thy name; enable them to decide to follow Thee.

FRIDAY, MAY 19

BLIND!

READ LUKE 6:39-42.

AFTER breakfast one morning the proprietor of a little Colorado hotel was telling with great smugness that, of whatever other things he might be guilty, he could never be accused of deceit. "I learned my lesson when a boy," he said. "What seemed like a very innocent form of deceit cost me a boon that would have made life far more pleasant than it has been. The lesson was worth while, for it taught me to be absolutely honest with my fellows, always." As he concluded he saw that the clock above the desk was about to strike eight. "And I promise to call that fisherman at seven!" he exclaimed. "But I'll fix that right now." Then he stood on a chair and set back the hands sixty minutes. Next he called the guest. "The clock is just striking seven," he said, over the phone. And he wondered why the listeners smiled when he heard his confession of blindness to his great mope!

There is nothing more pitiful than the condition described by Christ of people who can see other people's faults, yet are absolutely heedless of far greater things that are wrong in their own lives.

O Master, we would be true as Thou art true. Make us fit for life and duty. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 20

"THE LORD FORBID."

READ I SAMUEL 26:5-12.

IN THE days of the eclipse of Ulysses S. Grant at St. Louis, he sought a position on the public highways, but was denied. Years later, when he was President, the politician who had denied Grant's request headed a delegation to present to the President a petition of great importance to St. Louis. The man from the West feared that Grant might remember him, and refuse the request. Grant did not recognize him. But to the man's amazement the petition presented by his old antagonist was granted.

What a splendid chance David had both for revenge and for putting an end to the unjust pursuit of the jealous Saul. His trusted friends even tried to persuade him to kill Saul. But David knew that wreaking vengeance was not in accordance with God's will.

Teach us, O Lord, that to Thee belongs vengeance. We praise Thee that we are in Thy hands. It is good to be there! Amen.

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It's all in knowing your vines

By Marian Cuthbert Walker

HAVE you ever played that interesting "word test" game in which you are given a certain word and then are expected to write down the first thought or noun which that word suggests? Suppose we had the word "vine" sprung at us! Wouldn't about half of us write down "honeysuckle"? Well, if we did it would certainly show what unimaginative gardeners we are. Sure, a honeysuckle is all right in its place! But what is its place?

Lately, I have had a great deal of satisfaction in hunting out just the right vine for my garden. As a result the whole place—house, garden and lawn—has a finished look. It is softened and mellowed. There is the grace of climbing vine and bright blossom where before there was only shabbiness. For it does seem that even after a garden is planted with shrubs, trees and flowering perennials there is still a bare look about it, like a furnished room with the window shades missing, unless vines have been added for a finishing touch. We might as well discard that false conception "like a clinging vine," for while some vines will act in this lady-like manner, others will run away from us like a tomboy. Others will fall on their knees like a crawling baby and, with much more purpose, will cover bare, unsightly places.

It's there in the nursery catalogue! Just the vine we're looking for! My fireside gardening, when I look through the catalogues in winter and wish for this beauti-

The new large-flowering Trumpet Vine is just the thing for covering those tall poles which service companies love to erect right on our property line

ful plant or that, came in very handy last spring. When I came back after a few days' absence the first thing I saw was a huge pole which the service company had erected on the property line. It looked about as big as a giant redwood tree!

"What's that vine that grows so big and rampant?" I asked myself. "Ah, here it is! The new large-flowering Trumpet Vine. Not so gaudy orange as the old fashioned variety. The very thing! I'll let it do the tall work and use ivies at the pole base."

What are some of the troublesome places in the garden where vines will help? Well, if we have a small suburban property, we may not feel there is room for a planting of shrubs to mark the property line. Here, then, is just the place for an attractive wooden fence or even the less expensive one of wires and heavy posts. All kinds of hardy vines can be grown here, and while they are developing into a sturdy covering for the first year or two, annual vines can be used as fillers. There's Heavenly Blue Morning-glory or the newest addition to this family is the gorgeous Scarlett O'Hara. For a shimmer of white under the moonlight and for drifting fragrance there are the moon vines. In the South I've seen neatly clipped division lines made of honeysuckle which is suitable there because it keeps evergreen. In the North a succession of bloom can be achieved on these division fences by using both climbing and rambler roses in combi-

nation with the early large flowering clematis and with the smaller and later flowering varieties. If this division fence runs under the shade of large trees, right there is the place to plant those shade lovers, like the Coral Honeysuckle and the Virginia Creeper.

Perhaps there's a glaring wall of our own or neighbor's garage where the reflection is not only unpleasant but is killing the new grass as well. A painted wooden trellis, made to fit the space, will spill over in a short season or two with the fleecy white blossoms of the Silverlace Vine (*Polygonum Auberti*). A wisteria will be longer in coming into bloom. The Bower Actinidia will make a lower growth of handsome shining dark leaves. If roses are planted on such a trellis backed by a building, then the trellis is set very far out so as to allow a free circulation of air. This insures a healthy growth, free from mildew.

We had a similar problem of a stone house foundation where we could not induce any vine to grow because of the reflection of the sun. By getting a stand of English ivy on the ground along the stone foundation we were able to tease other vines to climb the house wall. Trailing vinca would have made just as satisfactory a ground cover as the ivy. These independent climbers which pull themselves up without artificial support, by using their suction discs or aerial rootlets, do not like to have their toes scorched. Among these independent creatures are many with beautiful foliage like the Turquoise Berry, the Virginia and the Engelmann's Creeper and the Japanese or Boston Ivy. There is a self-climbing Hydrangea also, with handsome foliage and odd flat swirls of small cream-colored flowers, which is fine for foundation plantings.

Have you a low stone or brick wall which you would like to see green all winter long? If it's a cold exposure or a shaded one away from the scald of the sun there are many evergreen climbers that will be happy here. Here's the place for ivies, and if you live in cold New England the Baltic Ivy is your best selection. Then, too, there's the climbing family of small-leaved, sturdily green Euonymus. The variety *E. radicans* and *variegata* have unusual foliage markings while *E. vegeta* bears such bright red berries and yellow pods that it is often called the Evergreen Bittersweet. Even the bush Firethorn or Pyracantha can be teased into a climbing growth by proper pruning and will spread its orange-red berries in profusion if planted in some sunny corner.

But that summer house or the arbor just outside the kitchen, where we want heavy shade, is another matter altogether. Here's just the place for those two vines with such enormous leaves and rapid growth. Their botanical names are jaw-splitting so just ask for Dutchman's Pipe or the Kudzu Vine. The Cinnamon and the Mignonette Vine are also fast growers and fragrant.

Perhaps you have a sloping bank where grass cannot be induced to grow or a retaining wall that still looks bare and sad. Certainly! Tackle this, too. If it's shady there, the tiny Creeping Veronica will take a toe hold. Or perhaps you prefer some more rampant growth like the Virginia Creeper or the wild grape. If woodbine or

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and helmeted figures bunglingly tried to set it up.

Was that all they had? It was too short, far too short. It would not reach to the third story. Bruce realized this as he hurried forward to help. Up the ladder went, pushed, lifted by many hands, up through the smoke to rest beside a clear window of the second floor.

In an instant the crowd understood. There were groans and tears. "Great guns, men, is that all you can do?" It was Sam Darnley roused for once out of his impassivity, his hands raised, his fists clenched. "A thousand dollars, to the man who saves her."

"We don't need that, Sam," Spike Gregory shouted. "We'll get her down if we can. If you'd only give us a Hook and Ladder long ago. That's what we need." He shook an impotent fist.

Fascinated, the crowd stared upward. The smoke was growing thicker. Apparently knowing what an open window meant, Emma had closed it as far as she could, keeping her head out for air.

Then a helmeted figure threw off his rubber coat and boots, lightly, in his stocking feet, he ran up the ladder. It was Blair Clouse. Fascinated, Bruce watched him. What was he going to do? Reaching the top round, he grasped the heavy sash, pulled it down and holding to the window frame, swung himself up. His searching fingers caught the projection of the cornice above. His feet found a projection. In another moment he was on the ledge of the third story. Below, Spike Gregory had come to the ladder's top and was calling, encouraging, waiting. A hush came over the people. They spoke in whispers, "He went up that wall like a fly." "He'll never make it." "Yes, he will, he's most there." A woman cried out hysterically and those around hushed her sharply. Blair seemed glued to the wall. He had reached the top of the window standing on the sash and was holding to the cornice. Above him not three feet away the girl was looking down. He was saying something and she nodded. They could see her directing him. For a moment he waited gathering his strength.

"O God, help the boy. Save him," Bruce groaned. "Oh, thank God."

Around him the people were cheering, dancing up and down. By a superhuman effort, Blair had lifted himself and Emma caught him by the wrist. Another moment and he was beside her on the sill. Then suddenly the wild cheer was hushed. What next? Now there were two to be rescued. The smoke was pouring out of their window and they covered their faces. Blair was working swiftly. A stout cord dropped to the man on the ladder. A heavy line went up. Another moment and he had lowered Emma to the eager hands below.

Then a burst of smoke and flame enveloped the man on the window ledge. It caught the line and severed it. The crowd groaned. No human being could endure that fury. Desperately, Blair let himself down from the sill, groping with his feet for the footholds that were inches away. Then the flames burst out, licking at his clinging hands until he dropped, past the eager arms of his comrades, down with a thud on the glass strewn pavement. In the moment of silence that followed, there was a woman's cry and Emma Spiger

broke away from restraining arms and rushed into the smoke to throw herself down beside the still form.

They gathered him up and bore him into a nearby store. Bruce found him there with a doctor and Emma at his side. Spike Gregory was close by. He was still wearing his helmet.

"Doc says he ain't goin' to last," he said to Bruce. He was sobbing like a child, the tears running unheeded down his cheeks. "My God, Dominie, it ain't my fault. I grabbed for him, most went with him."

"You did all you could," Bruce comforted, his eyes on the still form. Emma was bending over him, her lips moving, her hand stroking his head. "You saved her anyway," pointing to the girl.

"You mean he did," Spike corrected.



A Prayer

My mother used to hold a lighted lamp

At bedtime. I stood wide-eyed and grave

Watching the long black stairway.

Then she placed

My hand in hers—together we were brave.

My mother held a lighted lamp on high

Until, within the circle of its glow,
We climbed into increasing light,
Leaving the darkened shadows far below.

I would be brave when life has dimmed its light.

God—hold a lighted lamp for me tonight.

Dorothea A. Johnson



"There ain't another man in the company could ha' done it."

Bruce bent over the dying man, and as he did Blair opened his eyes and smiled faintly. "Guess this—is all." His eyes turned to Emma. "I—got—her," he gasped.

"Yes, you did. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw," said Bruce steadily. "You gave your life for her."

He did not seem to hear. His eyes had closed. Then he opened them again and moved his hand slightly. "Take—hand," he whispered, so low that only Emma heard.

Silently she placed her hand in his, her strong fingers wrapped around and holding his.

Blair looked up to the minister. "I take her—my wedded wife," he gasped. His

eyes turned to her.

The tears were running down her face. "Yes, dearest. I've been waiting. You told me up there. Oh, Blair, I take you, my husband. Oh, my dear!" Sobbing wildly now, she held him.

"Amen," said Bruce in solemn benediction wiping the tears from his eyes. "And you are witnesses of this marriage." He turned to the physician and to Spike who nodded.

The dying man was smiling now, his eyes on the weeping girl. Then as they watched the light went out. He was still smiling as the doctor bending over gently closed his eyes.

The funeral was held in the church. The Squire had made his appearance too late to see his son before he died, but he came to see Bruce Hardy, much shaken.

Dedication Day! With a joyous "hello!" Bruce bounced into the kitchen to partake of the breakfast that Mrs. Caleb had waiting for him.

"The Colonel is fussing over the little speech he has to make," he remarked, laughing as he sipped his coffee.

"Is he goin' to speak about deficit?"

"That's the way we settled it. He will give the facts and I'll try to put on the arousements."

"How much will it be?"

"\$5456 is what John Dale told me last night. That's a lot of money."

"I guess you'll get it," Mrs. Caleb encouraged. "If you don't, it ain't so much."

After breakfast, Bruce went at once to the church. He went into the pulpit and sat down in the roomy, oaken pulpit chair. His eyes roamed over the auditorium. Very beautiful it was, finished in a light wood, the stained glass allowing plenty of sunshine to penetrate. The acoustics were good, too. Even in the empty room there was a minimum of vibration. His heart seemed ready to burst with thankfulness.

And now the vanguard of the morning congregation began to appear. Joe Wallace, Dan, and other ushers came primed for their novel duties in the new place. Thereupon, Bruce retired to the seclusion of the little room that was to be the pastor's peculiar possession. Mrs. Caleb was also an early arrival and settled herself in the pew that she had marked for her own. It was soon evident that Millvale would be out in large numbers. People who rarely came to church were coming in early, usurping the best seats and making it difficult for the regulars to find places. Miss Fannie Law came in, feeling very much out of place.

"Come, set with me," invited Mrs. Caleb making room.

Wide-eyed and interested the two ladies watched the arrivals. Soon, Tom Moore and his wife came in.

"It's a miracle, that's what it is," whispered Mrs. Caleb, nudging her friend. "The Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Mr. Hardy told me he promised to come."

Bob Wallace and Kathryn came next and right behind them Samuel Darnley with his wife on his arm. "Don't it look good to see Sam comin' in?" Mrs. Caleb whispered.

"They tell me Sam is offerin' the town a Hook and Ladder and urgin' 'em to get some reg-lar professionals for a Comp-ny.

(Continued on page 44)

...a richer spiritual life for
every member
...a real revival of religion
in the congregation
...a more influential church



... AND THERE'S THE MAN WHO MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE

HAVE YOU ever thought to yourself, "My church is a fine church and could be such a force for good in the community. But somehow, in spite of the splendid efforts of our minister, the congregation doesn't seem to realize their opportunities. If there were only something I could do to help!"

If you have had such thoughts, the chances are you *can* help. Because the chances are the services in your church lack the *vital* inspiration which will lift your members up out of themselves and send them forth with renewed faith and enthusiasm — the inspiration of glorious organ music.

Did you ever consider why the organ has been used in churches for so many hundreds of years? The reason is that fine organ music has the power to establish immediately the inspiring atmosphere which adds force and conviction to religious faith.

Is it any wonder then that so many pastors have written us of a "real revival of religion" after their churches installed Hammond Organs; have told us of half-hearted congregations which Hammond Organ music has transformed into enthusiastic and interested church-goers, have spoken of greatly increased attendance and influence. Almost every day we get letters like this one from Reverend David Rees-Jones of the Grace First Presbyterian Church, Weatherford, Texas: "Our Hammond Organ has added a great deal to our services. A new attitude on the part of the worshippers is very evident.

The Organ has added to the dignity of the services, and an atmosphere which undoubtedly was lacking prior to its installation pervades the worship hour. Increased attendance and a deepened interest are two results of our possessing a Hammond."

Yes, you can help, just like the man in the picture above, by helping your church get a Hammond Organ.

You'd expect to pay many thousands of dollars for a fine Hammond similar to that in Canterbury Cathedral and in many large churches in this country and abroad. But the truth is your church can have a Hammond Organ for from \$1500 to \$1700 if it's of average size . . . less than \$10 a member from a congregation of two hundred.

There are three main reasons why the Hammond costs so much less. *First*, the

Hammond is by far the largest-selling organ in the world. This means lower overhead, lower selling cost. *Second*, it is the first organ to be produced by modern manufacturing methods, instead of hand labor. And *third*, the Hammond uses an exclusive new electric principle to produce organ music of inspiring beauty. It is compact . . . with no bulky pipes, reeds, or vibrating parts.

Don't let the spirit in your church wither for lack of the inspiring message that beautiful organ music carries straight to the hearts of every one of us. What finer act of devotion could there be than to give the organ yourself in memory of someone dear to you? If that is impossible, talk it over with other members; be the *leader* in providing the means for awakening the spirit and expanding the influence of your church.

Naturally, before you can make any decision or even talk about it to other members, you'll want detailed information on the Hammond Organ. Let us send you, confidentially and without any obligation, our Church Brochure. Just write your name on the coupon and mail it to us today. Then, when you really *know* about the Hammond, you can decide how you'll go about getting one for your church.



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My name

My address

City State

My church (5)

The HAMMOND ORGAN

(Continued from page 42)

He was feelin' pretty bad 'bout Blair."

"There's the Squire." Miss Law put her neck in serious jeopardy craning to see this new arrival. "He ain't been here since I don't know when, 'ceptin' the funeral, of course. I was hoping Blair's death would soften his heart."

"I'm not sure but what it has. Mr. Hardy's been talkin' to him. He has sort of mellowed," said Mrs. Caleb cautiously.

"Where's Jim Knowles? Looks like he oughter be here." Mrs. Caleb pointed to his pew. "It ain't like him to be late. I don't like it—there's Mr. Hardy now." A proud smile came to her lips as she added, "Don't he look fine?"

"He's lookin' for Mary and the Colonel," Mrs. Caleb decided. "He's lookin' kind of anxious."

She was right. He was anxious. The moment he finished the brief prayer that always marked his entry into the pulpit, he had turned to the place where the Knowles' expected to be. Again and again, his eyes came back to that empty pew, the only vacant spot in the great room. Where were they? Where was Mary? Something of the brightness of the morning was missing. So occupied was he that he did not see a little stir in the back of the room. Joe Wallace disappeared. Then he came in and hurried down the aisle to whisper to Silas Hart. The Deacon rose abruptly and went out.

The minister noticed this, but before he had had time to interpret it, Deacon Hart had come back. Instead of returning to his seat he came to the edge of the pulpit. His face was grave.

"We've just had word," he whispered, "the Colonel isn't so well this morning. Mary sent word for you not to worry. You will have to fill in his place somehow, that's all."

Bruce nodded and looked out at the sea of faces that now seemed to be in a shadow. It was all right, of course. The Colonel would be well again. But Mary was not there, on this of all mornings. He could not look down to her and know the inspiration she always brought him. In bitter disappointment, he quickly planned the readjustment. He would have to report the deficit himself and ask for an offering.

By the time the announcements had been made he was feeling more like himself. Briefly he told what the deficit was and made the appeal. The amount was not large in comparison with what had been given.

"I suggest," he concluded, "that we pause right here and have the ushers pass cards. Some of you have had no share in building this beautiful place. Others will

(Continued from page 41)

ordinary honeysuckle is used here for a quick cover it must be kept under control by unrelenting pruning, or you'll never find that bank again. More choice, but more expensive, are the trailing roses like the hybrid Rugosa, Max Graf, with its pink blooms or the better known rose-trailer, Wichuraiana. Many fine-leaved vines like the Euonymus, already suggested, will droop from the top of a retaining wall with as much grace as they climb upward.

want a larger share. Let us give as we are able and dedicate this place with no encumbrance of debt to mar our joy."

There was a general rustle through the congregation as the ushers proceeded to pass the cards. Then Phineas Clouse rose slowly to his feet.

"Brethren and sisters," he began.

There was a quick turning of heads at this unconventional interruption. The Squire coughed. "As you know, I have been in deep waters," he resumed, his voice grating even more harshly than usual. "I suffered as only a brother can suffer when his son goes away into the far country; and then my son came back and—" he hesitated and his great head drooped as he said humbly, "I was not ready for him."

The silence in the great room had become strained. Slowly, his voice trembling, Clouse went on, "My Pastor told me to go to him like the Father when his son was a great way off." He paused to lift his right hand and added slowly, "I would give my right arm if I could have that opportunity again. But no, I was proud, I waited, I wanted him to feel the enormity of sin—God have mercy on me."

"I did not intend to say this to you, my friends, this morning," said the Squire brokenly, "but now this terrible report has come to our ears. Our brother Knowles, our fellow citizen and benefactor has suddenly been called home."

Bruce started violently. Only by a supreme effort was he able to keep from crying aloud. Dead, the Colonel dead? It could not be. Why had he not known? Why had they not told him? He felt sick and faint. But the Squire was going on.

"In the name of my son and in the memory of our honored fellow citizen, I will subscribe \$3,000 to this great work that now looks down upon us. I can only hope, Pastor," he turned to the minister, "that others will feel as I do and—ah fulfill your request abundantly."

As the Squire sat down and wiped his eyes with his bandana, Bruce said unsteadily. "Thank you, Squire Clouse. My friends, what we have just heard of the death of our dear brother is news to me of the saddest sort. I did not know, I did not imagine why his seat was empty. If I followed the impulse of my heart I would close this service at once and hurry to that home where the woman I love is waiting." His voice broke and he waited a moment. "But that would be wrong. We must finish what we have begun."

While the organ played softly the cards were passed and collected. "We have a total of \$4245," Joe whispered to the Pastor.

After this word was passed to the people, there was a momentary pause. Then

For covering bare spots under trees there are three fine, vine-like substitutes for grass. They are so easy to grow that there is no excuse for a bare spot any place. One of these is the tiny Veronica mentioned above; and the others are the vigorous evergreen trailing ground covers, Vinca Minor, or periwinkle, and Pachysandra. As soon as the snow melts they shine brightly green, and even the hottest sun in summer cannot discourage them.

But suppose we just haven't the money this season to buy enough vines as permanent additions? Almost all so far sug-

gested must be bought as plants. Of course they will reappear each season. In that way they are an investment like the trees and shrubs out there in the garden. But suppose we can buy only a few this year and must write down the others on our dream list—what then?

Fortunately there are many lovely annual vines which will bloom from seed and will flower with abandon. Their growth will not be so tall or their foliage so vigorous as the hardy ones but they will help to give to the garden that finishing touch which is needed.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The Deacon's quavering voice struck up the Doxology and the people rose like one to relieve the tension in a great, tumultuous song in which tears for the dead and smiles for the unexpected victory were mingled.

"You will excuse me now, I am needed up there," Bruce said almost curtly as his friends crowded around him after the service. Quickly he was out on the street, Deacon Hart at his side.

"Guess it was a stroke," the Deacon was saying. "It took him just as he was getting ready. He was dead when the doctor got there. Mary sent word not to tell you until after the service."

There was crepe on the door and Bruce entered without knocking. He found Mary in the living room as though she had been waiting. He opened his arms and like a homing bird she flew to their shelter.

"If mother goes," she whispered, "I'll have only you."

His arms tightened in glad possessiveness. "And I'll have only you."

On the Sunday morning after the death of Colonel Knowles and of Mrs. Knowles, who followed him within a few hours, Bruce Hardy and Mary were married by the guest preacher, Dr. Hancock, President of Berean Seminary, as had been planned. That many tears should mingle with the smiles was inevitable, yet both felt that to go on was the Christian and proper thing. There followed a month in the quiet of the Vermont Hills where Mary recuperated in the tang of a still sharp air.

It was to be the young couple's first night in their new home. Returning from an urgent call, they approached the parsonage standing dark and silent back from the street. Mary shivered. "How dark it is, Bruce. Why didn't we leave a light?"

"It will be light soon, dearest. There are going to be some people in there in a minute who love each other." Bruce appraised the dark house with confidence. "It is just waiting for us. It is—our home, my love."

Arm in arm they turned at the gate and went in.

THE END.

Note: This story was published in book form by Harper & Brothers last month, under the title "The Inevitable Dawn." Price \$2.00. It contains some chapters which were omitted from the serial. Order from your bookseller, or from our Book Department.

gested must be bought as plants. Of course they will reappear each season. In that way they are an investment like the trees and shrubs out there in the garden. But suppose we can buy only a few this year and must write down the others on our dream list—what then?

Fortunately there are many lovely annual vines which will bloom from seed and will flower with abandon. Their growth will not be so tall or their foliage so vigorous as the hardy ones but they will help to give to the garden that finishing touch which is needed.



Just like the soup that
Delighted Dear Old
Dad!

Hearty Heinz Vegetable Soup Is the Real
Old-Fashioned, Home-tasting Kind

DIP your spoon into a bowl of *real* homespun soup like mother used to make—Heinz Vegetable Soup! Its tempting aroma and delicious flavor bring back memories of long ago. You'll recall dad's exclamations of delight when mother served him a steaming plate of her hearty soup. For Heinz Vegetable Soup is prepared from an old-time recipe! Choice vegetables are blended with lusty beef stock—the small-batch way. And like all 23 Heinz Home-style Soups, Heinz Vegetable is *fully prepared*. Serve it soon—give your family a treat from 'way back when!



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REFRESHING AS A WHIFF of salt-sea air is Heinz Clam Chowder! Prepared from tender young clams and delicately seasoned vegetables, it's the same sort of soup that the gnarly old sea captains of New England used to relish.



MOTHER ROLLED HER OWN noodles—and so does Heinz! We make real old-fashioned egg noodles—cut them into ribbons of goodness for Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup. Try this savory favorite for lunch or supper some day soon!



TO BE TRULY TASTY, pea soup must be made only from fresh peas. Good cooks like to garner them from the garden just before making soup! Heinz, too, insists on perfect *freshly harvested* peas for Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup.



COME AND SEE Heinz Dome with its display walls and sampling booths at the New York World's Fair! And when you're in San Francisco for the Golden Gate International Exposition, visit the interesting Heinz period kitchens.

GUESTS AT YOUR TABLE FOR 70 YEARS

(Continued from page 37)

27 YEARS OF HELPING HOUSEWIVES



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be rescued from the welter of contradiction.

In all the deepest matters, where faith is most surely the only guide and inspiration, the wise man will have to be investigator and finally judge. Only thus is his faith justified.

That is especially true of religion. At the very heart of religion is faith—faith that God is, that God loves, that God has spoken unto us in the Bible, that, Jesus, in what He said and did and was, is a clue to the heart of God, that God is available to every man and can be appropriated for health and wisdom and strength, that God has an immortal future for man. In all of these assumptions, faith goes beyond the testimony of the senses, beyond the ranges of scientific experiment, beyond the inevitabilities of logic. Nobody has seen God as you see your preacher on Sunday morning. Nobody could prove the divine authorship of any sentence in the Bible in the sense that he can prove that Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg address. Nobody can identify the presence of God in the human body or mind in the same way the medical science demonstrates the presence and effect of thyroid in the human body. Nobody living has seen the future life or heard a divine voice say that immortality is to be ours.

But these things are not mere fables. They are interpretations of fact. We see nature evolving higher and higher forms, beginning with swarming electrons and mounting to life and consciousness and reason and conscience; and we say, "Not blind nature, but God." We watch human history and are aware of forces working for the good of all, laying upon men a moral command, inspiring interaction, cooperation, growth of meaning, and we say: "Not the forces of biology or psychology or sociology merely, but a 'Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness'—God." We hear the testimony of men who in need or even in despair have lifted a cry or have flung themselves out in an act of trust, and have become aware of new strength for their bodies, new poise for their minds, new peace for their hearts, and we say: "Not mere accident or physiological reaction, but the Spirit of health and wisdom—God." We read the Bible and ever and anon come across a passage that speaks to our deep need, throws a flood-light into the darkest corner of the soul, "shows us up," awakens aspiration, shames us in what we have been doing, illuminates a problem, and we say: "Not a mere guess, a fortunate stroke of the pen by someone long ago, a mere word of Isaiah, or Paul, or John, but a word from God who made Isaiah and Paul and John and me, and knew their needs and mine." We turn to human experience and the growth of human values, and find it hard to believe that any God would create such values and let them perish. We take it all to mean that God is not only the creator but the conserver of values. And that means immortality! In all this, which if I mistake not is the soul of religion, we have confronted and interpreted facts. Our interpretation is our faith. Our faith is an interpretation. But is it an interpretation of facts?

I have said all this for the benefit of two groups of people; first, those who think of faith as a mere whistling in the dark or a venture of the soul that is a reckless and irrational adventure. Unfortunately, they have had some encouragement from the pulpit. Preachers have often talked about "naked" faith. Karl Barth even now declares, "Faith is a jump into emptiness." Faith is not a mere jump into emptiness. When men fling themselves upon God, they are not rashly and desperately leaping into a vacuum. They leap, and God is there. They trust, and they find relief. They wait upon the Lord, and they renew their strength.

I am concerned about the other group who hold their faith in such fear. Their faith that God is in nature, they fear to expose to the scrutiny of science. Their faith that God is in the Bible, they fear to submit to historical criticism. Their faith that God is in them, they fear to entrust to psychological investigation. Faith for them is stubbornness, a determination to believe in spite of facts, a panic in the presence of facts.

Thank God for a faith that does not have to go into hiding, and does not have nervous prostration every time a new truth appears; that knows that faith must grow if it is to keep pace with discovery; that recognizes that God is greater than any man's faith about him; that hails new facts as God's facts.

The faith of Paul was of the same value for him as the faith of Abraham was for him, but it was a different faith because Paul had some facts that Abraham did not have. Facts compelled Paul to discard some of Abraham's beliefs, but those very facts gave Paul nobler beliefs. My faith in the Bible is not described in the same way as my grandfather's. But, it includes every moral and spiritual truth the book contains, and it sends me back to the Psalms and prophets and Jesus and Paul for indispensable moral light and spiritual inspiration. My faith in Jesus is not supported by the same theological scaffolding as my father's, but it does make me affirm that Jesus is the Light of the World and my Light; that He is the Good Shepherd and my Shepherd, that He is the Saviour of all who will give Him a chance, and my Saviour. In Him, for me, "The final beauty burns to birth," "I ask not, need not aught beside."

In a word, the faith that is open to facts is a faith that often has to be reconstructed. But, every reconstruction is a resurrection to a larger life. It has its pangs, but they are the birth pangs of a new joy. And it is so gloriously free. It walks open-eyed and unafraid among historians and scientists and philosophers, taking what they have to give, and finds itself richer for the taking.

DR. ALBERT EDWARD DAY was born in Euphemia, Ohio. Received his A.B. degree from Taylor University, Ohio; his D.D. from Taylor University, Ohio Wesleyan, and Allegheny College. Pastor of several M. E. Churches in Ohio, of First M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, 1925-1932; of Mt. Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore, 1932-1937, and of First M. E. Church, Pasadena, California since 1937. Is author of several books. Married, and has five children.

Burnett's pure VANILLA



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(Continued from page 22)

Urbana. He turned out to be a star athlete at the university, a letter-man in such extra-curricular labors as football and track.

"Frankly," he said, "I'd sort of got away from religion down here. Got to doping it out as passé, something sort of beneath the notice of an educated man. And when I heard that the conference was coming here—with lectures and forums and frat house meetings and all that—I thought that religion was *leading with its chin*. You see, I never figured it could stand up to a thorough intellectual going-over. Boy, was I mistaken!"

I had asked Dean "Chuck" Frederick, who was in charge of publicity, to supply me with a five-man committee who would go about during the conference and soak up impressions.

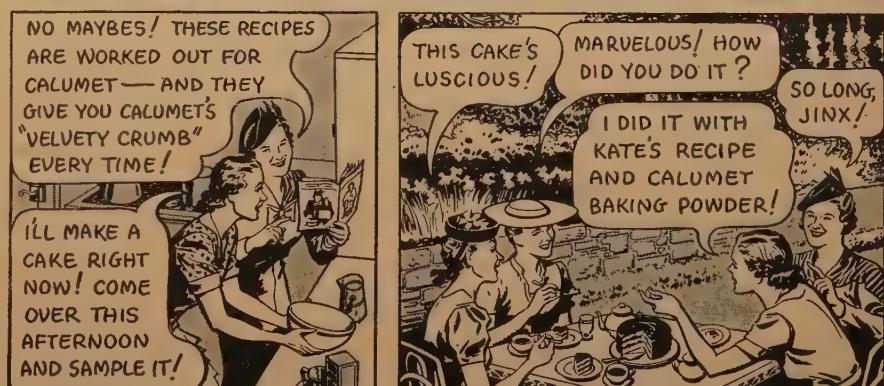
Not content with this, I wondered about the campus, through the stores, and over endless Coca-Colas discussed the effect of the conference with all and sundry. And here I learned what to me was an outstanding benefit: the conference had made religion a matter of ordinary conversation and table talk! It had lifted it out of the muted class and put it into the mooted. Everywhere I found them talking religion down at Urbana. And discussing it as naturally and as sincerely—and often as heatedly—as they discuss their classes, their majors, their exams and their gridiron. I dare say they're still at it as this goes to press!

The townspeople too feel the difference. The manager of the Burr-Patterson store on the campus told me that practically every person who came into his place during the conference were talking about it in one way or another. In all the talk one could overhear, as well as in the quotations from the stories by the embryonic journalists, it was noticeable how often words like "tangible," "practical," "rational" and related terms were used, indicating how skillful had been the application of the Gospel to the student mind. It was religion talking to them in classroom terms. "I can get hold of this!" said an honor student whom I found doing overtime in a lab. "These men and women (meaning the speakers) made religion alive."

Bud Larson, one of the sports editors of *The Daily Illini*, campus newspaper, said: "The conference differed from the old-time revival meetings in tone only. Everything was conducted quietly, evidently to induce quiet, clear thinking. Certainly it had a sobering influence upon me. And I believe all those who attended 'got more religion' through hearing and talking with the featured conference leaders than they had ever acquired previously."

But perhaps the best summation was offered by Student Chairman "Bill" Browder. I crashed in on him as he was in the process of composing a radio speech setting forth the results achieved, and read over his shoulder as he wrote:

"This conference has not been a beautiful flower that has bloomed for a while and will die. Rather it has been a tree of blossoms which prepare for the rich and abundant fruit to come. It has been a week always to remember—and forever to live by!"



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C. H. 5-89

of the world have been born in the deserts and the regions where the wide-arched heavens filled with stars draw men's souls in awe and wonder; but it seems strange to me that the voice of God has not been apprehended in the depths of the jungle. It must be that they were too much afraid to listen. The voices of the multitudes of spirits to which they tuned their ears spoke so loudly to them that they could not hear the deeper and profounder Voice. But now that their fears are subsiding I think it highly possible that they may catch, and be able to interpret for the rest of us, some subtler overtones that we have missed. As their souls expand on being released from the stifling burdens that they have born, these primitive people are developing a new and fresh and enthusiastic approach to the inner kingdom that is full of possibilities.

And if our travel through the forest was fascinating, our stay in the villages along the way was equally so. Some of them are scarcely more than a dozen huts strung along in a mere widening of the path; others would have long lines of mud and thatch dwellings extending for a half a mile or more and housing three or four hundred people. But big or small they were always the same double row of houses on either side of a wide path and with the indefatigable jungle pushing at them from behind. Here and there the women have cleared it away for a few rods to plant a few plantain or banana trees or a patch of sugar cane or corn, but it is forever encroaching upon man's preserves and with the slightest relaxation of his efforts it takes back its own. The dwellers of the Congo forest have never seen an horizon other than the encircling rim of the tall trees which surround the little village clearing or a short vista of the river from bend to bend.

In spite of dirt and squalor and general dilapidation, there is about these Congo communities an atmosphere which intrigues the imagination. During the day the place is deserted and the heat from the equatorial sun rises, from the hard baked yellow clay of the path, in shimmering waves. The men are in the forest, hunting or fishing. The women have gone to their gardens to dig their daily supply of tapioca roots; to take it to the creek to soak; to gather their old dead bits of wood with which they make their nightly fires; and to bring from the spring their gourds of water. Throughout the long day their babies ride their hips or are carried in skin slings hung from the mother's shoulder. No one remains in the houses except the old, the crippled and the sick.

But in the evening after the sun has sunk behind the tops of the trees, the village takes on life and animation. The hunters come in from their hunting and busy themselves (if they have been lucky) with the division of the meat. The women have returned from their gardens and have put their pots to boil for the evening meal. It is a lively scene and there is much talk and laughter and gaiety.

If the chief were present when we came into the village to stay the night, he would come to welcome us and bring us gifts of chickens and eggs (usually bad

ones). Later he would send word to the women to bring food for our carriers. After we had our supper we would sit in front of the house which had been given over to our use and watch the natives squatting around their fires, eating their one meal of the day. Sometimes we would walk along the path past their houses in the twilight answering the greetings of one group after another. I always felt a strong sense of unreality in these situations—a twentieth century character in a second century world.

A doctor in the Congo is always in demand and as we approached a village someone in the edge of the forest would cry out and go running down the path ahead of us into the town.

"Iluku," he would shout. "Iluku, aoya." (The doctor, the doctor has come.)

It was the signal for the sick and the relatives of the sick to flock around and demand to be cured of their diseases. I always tried to take a look at all of them, at least, and give advice if I could do no more. Most often there was nothing I could do except to tell them to bring the patient to the hospital or to the short clinics that we held in nearby towns; but now and then one could be rapidly and dramatically effective.

In the early days of my Congo career I made the beginnings of what was to become a very considerable reputation among the natives for obstetrical genius on such an occasion.

I had been on a long trip and was quite behind schedule. I was trying to make up some time by rapid travel and I was striding along at the head of the line of carriers approaching a village, when I was hailed by a group of excited natives.

"The chief of Itoko is calling you," they said.

"Well," I demanded, "what does he want?"

It appeared that one of his wives had been in labor for almost four days and had not been able to give birth to her baby. I hated to stop but I felt that I couldn't very well pass them by without investigating the trouble. So I dashed off into the forest after the guide.

In less than a quarter of an hour I came dashing back, having done a version and extraction without benefit of anything except a gourd of water and a bit of laundry soap. I left behind me a lively infant, a vastly relieved mother and a crowd of chattering midwives.

I remember two rather dramatic incidents that happened on this particular trip. The first was simply a case of a dislocated hip but the chap had had it for a month or more and was totally disabled. It was a great satisfaction to happen along and be able to relieve him of what might otherwise have been a lifetime disability. Amid the exclamations of the crowd of admiring onlookers I manipulated the joint back into position and went my way the richer by two scrawny native hens and a number of eggs of questionable character. But I was richer much in the knowledge of having given something to a man which otherwise he would have had to do without.

The second incident was almost as simple as the first but it was nonetheless spectacular. Mr. Smith and I had

stopped in a village to talk for a few minutes with the local evangelist and to revive our jaded spirits with a few lengths of sugar cane. As we were about to mount our bicycles and get going again a young man came up to ask that I go to see his father who had been lying ill in bed for several weeks.

I followed him to his father's hut and there was the old man lying on a mat on the floor by his fire. He was about as skinny as can be imagined, but the upper part of one of his legs was swollen to twice its normal size, by a deep abscess. I had no surgical instruments with me; I was about to use my trusty jack knife for one when I noticed a bunch of arrows hanging on the wall. I took them down and selected one with a long sharp point. I held this point in the fire for a moment and then before the victim realized what was going to happen I thrust it deeply into the fluctuating mass. I've seen a lot of pus in my time but none that was under more pressure than that was nor any that spurted farther upon release.

In whatever place we stayed Bokenge held a religious service. At nightfall the half-metallic, half-booming tones of the wooden drum would call the people to assemble and there would be singing and a short sermon. Sometimes the meeting would be held in the mud hut that served as a church but most often they were out in the open. I shall never forget the feel of the soft evening air of the forest on my face as I joined my voice in the singing. I shall never forget old Basele standing in the moonlight nor the poetic cadence of his voice as he prayed. He had a gift for oratory and the alliterative phrases of his Lonkundo, as he addressed his Lord, were as musical as the rustle of the wind through the leaves of the trees.

I remember, especially, the evening meetings at Bonginji. It was our last stop before returning home to Lotumbe by canoe, and for some reason or other everything seemed to go much better than usual. There was a large clearing between two sections of the village and the ground sloped away rather steeply beyond it so that a wide expanse of sky could be seen toward the West. No colors could ever be more delicate than the pink and silver of the Bonginji twilight; no stars more brilliant than Venus and Jupiter as they sank one close after the other into the jungle. Big crowds came to the services. The singing was enthusiastic, the preaching fervent and there was apparent an exceptional unity of spirit.

It was an auspicious start for Bokenge in making his circuit of the churches. In eight weeks I had come to appreciate him greatly—his earnestness, sincerity, tact and spirituality. I could not help but be confident for the future with young leaders of his type at work.

If I have spoken mainly of the younger leaders I do not mean, thereby, to minimize the effective service of the older workers. They were the ones who first saw the vision, who broke with the old and fought against great odds.

Efunza Filipo was one of the finest-spirited persons I have ever known of any race or color. Unselfish, generous, and filled with the milk of human kindness, he was apt to speak softly against sin be-

cause he could not bear to hurt the sinner's feelings. He was my Lonkundo teacher after my arrival on the field and I learned from him a little of the language and much of the bigness of his nature and of the understanding insight he had into the souls of men.

Njoku Paul came nearer than any native I have ever known to appreciating the white man's point of view. He was a logical thinker and a fine preacher but his besetting sin was his desire for authority. He has labored long and well for his Master.

Mark Njoji has done a large service for the church as the pastor of our congregation at Bolenge where he has served for many years.

And there was Captain John of the steamer "Oregon." Once, when he and one of the missionaries were out on a trip together, they occupied adjoining rooms in the same hut. In the middle of the night something awakened the man and hearing voices in the next room he went to investigate. He found John kneeling on the floor in the small hours of the night praying for himself and his people.

And Mpoku, Mpoku Anoka. There were so many things that the natives could not understand—money for instance. They could never figure out where the mission got its money and why it should not be turned over to them for spending. Through the years there has been considerable bitterness of feeling on the matter in spite of repeated discussions and explanations; but while Mpoku may not have understood he was never bitter and urged that they seek the Christ and not spend their time with problems which they were not able to grasp.

It has been stimulating to watch the changes that have taken place in the years that I spent there. There is coming to be a new understanding of the task that is before them. It used to be the white man's church and the white man's religion and the white man's Christ. Now they are thinking of these as their own. They are beginning to realize that the responsibility for the coming of the Kingdom in Congo is their own. They are beginning to stand on their own feet. It is a vital and promising shift of attitude. It is as if they had at last crossed the swamp with its mud and pitfalls and were starting up the hill on the other side.

These are days when it seems to be popular to belittle the missionary and the missionary activity of the Church, but I am proud to have been associated with the missionary venture and with those who are engaged in it. I feel that I have gotten large returns from my investment in the Congo. To have set a bone and pulled a tooth; to have removed a tumor and given an injection of neosalvarsan; to have healed the sores of the leper and saved the life of a starving baby in a situation where they would otherwise have gone untreated—those things will compensate for much I may have missed. To have been a friend to those who had few friends (whose very language had no word for friend) and to have relieved the stifling fears of many by teaching them of Him whose love cast out fear—that is, to me, an adequate apologetic for the cause.

No one who has witnessed the changes of the past few years could doubt the value of his support to such a cause.

"Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"

Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!



MOTHER: Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?



ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made especially for him.



ALICE: He prescribed a special food formula... told me to use special baby powder... He even recommended a special baby laxative!

MOTHER: Gracious! A special laxative, too?



ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.



MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how persnickity he is about new things.

ALICE: The doctor said even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

Charles H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

—without using pads or knife



Just drop Freezone on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you can lift that old, bothersome corn right off with your fingers. A bottle of Freezone costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns, and calluses. Try it.

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Please send me full information regarding W.C.T.U. Annuities and how they will provide me a life income.

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Date of Birth.....

(Continued from page 40)

SUNDAY, MAY 21

HE WOKE WITH A SMILE.
READ PSALM 119:129-136.

A VISITOR from England to an American convention had a winning smile. One day, after a time of heat and exhaustion in the convention, the visitor fell asleep on the train. When the conductor touched his shoulder, seeking his ticket, a man who did not know him well said, "Now we'll see him without that smile!" He was mistaken. For at the conductor's touch the smile illuminated the face, even before the eyes were open. "What can I do for you?" came the genial question.

There is no provision in God's plan for those who would take vacations from Christian living. Our Master wants us to be with Him all the days, and all of every day.

O Thou whose face always reflected the glory of the Father, give us Thy grace that we may reveal Thee wherever we go. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 22

DEAD—BUT LIVING.
READ MATTHEW 14:1-12.

YES, Herod succeeded in taking the life of John the Baptist. But he could not kill the influence of the man's life. Happy the lot of the man, woman, or child who so lives that, after his death, one can say, with a follower of Thomas Arnold of Rugby who, with some of his students visited the chapel where Arnold preached and lies buried:

"Simply 'Thomas Arnold' is graven on a marble slab. But what an indelible impression he has graven on the lives of so many precious souls that shall go on speaking through other souls when all trace of his name is effaced! I wished to be alone at that shrine but for a little time. My prayer for the help and spirit of Arnold's Christ was no less sincere and burning because of the boys' presence."

O God, today may we be able to do something, say something, that will have its part in molding a life for thee! Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 23

HE OPENED THE GATES.
READ MATTHEW 16:13-19.

THERE is inspiration for those who would win others to Christ in the story of Frank Higgins, known a generation ago as "The Lumberjack's Sky Pilot." A rough lumberman spoke of him as "the man who showed us our dirt and gave us the love of God for a wash."

How Higgins ministered to the rough men to whom he gave his life! Once a clerk in a Minnesota boardinghouse asked him if he were not tired of his job. The Pilot was crawling into his hay-filled bunk after a thirty-mile walk through the snow, that he might help the men of the forest. "I wouldn't exchange my job for the best congregation in the

land," was the reply. "Think of it! One of the boys carried my pack twelve miles today!" As the Pilot turned over to go to sleep, the clerk said to himself "He has something I wish I had."

Lord, may our lives and our words be used to bring peace and joy to many. Guide us, that we may be true successors of thy disciples, who "so spoke" that many believed. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24

THE MIND OF CHRIST.
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:6-11.

A STUDENT who tried always to keep in mind this day's glorious passage, was playing football when, in an innocent manner, he learned some of the signals of the other side. "I knew they were going to break through our left end, before they started, and the temptation came to me to give the fellows a tip. Then I thought that would be taking an unfair advantage of what I had learned by an unfortunate accident. I don't believe Jesus would have played football that way, and I was glad He kept me from yielding to the temptation. I find when I stop to think what Jesus would do, I usually come out all right."

Lord Jesus, who hast called us to be thy followers, may we stand fast in thee. Establish us in every good word and work. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 25

WHAT DOETH GOD REQUIRE?
READ PSALM 1.

GOD'S requirements are so simple. He asks us to love Him, and to love our neighbor as ourselves. We are to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with our God. We are to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

But who is sufficient for these things? They do not come easily. But they are possible for those who earnestly seek the Lord's guidance. That guidance is given sometimes in the Bible, again through the still, small voice of conscience. Or guidance may come through the words of another who loves Christ.

O Lord, wilt thou teach us how to build the house of life. Save us from placing it on sand. May the foundations be the rock of thy loving desires for us. And to thee shall be all the glory.

FRIDAY, MAY 26

WALKING WORTHILY.
READ COLOSSIANS 1:9-14.

"DON'T do anything that I wouldn't do!" Sometimes that message is given to a departing friend. The laughing words have in them much that both speaker and hearer should heed. At best, they are an appeal to earnest living, such as Paul made to the Colossians: he urged them to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." So to the Ephesians he said, "Walk worthy of the vocation with which you are called." The Romans were told to "walk in newness of life."

What is it to walk worthily? for the Christian, assuredly, it is to walk as Christ walked. We are not to do anything He would not do. But the plea to Christ-like conduct is not merely negative. We must do things that Christ would have us do.

Lord, make us fruitful in every good work. Save us from conduct that is unbecoming, unworthy. Be thou our Pattern.

SATURDAY, MAY 27

COURAGE!

READ JOSHUA 1:1-9.

A BIOGRAPHER of Napoleon tells of an incident that occurred when his troops were crossing the Alps. Cold was intense; snow and ice were everywhere. The task of getting the great guns over the mountains seemed insuperable. There was great need of courage. So an order was issued that death should be the portion of any soldier who was caught speaking discouragingly.

There is always need of stimulating words. By the mouth of Isaiah God sent comforting messages to His people. When Jesus sent word to John of His mission, he emphasized his deeds and words of comfort and help as proof of his Messiahship. Then by what right do we, who claim to be his disciples, speak anything but helpful words to those about us?

Forgive us, O God, for our failure to trust Thee. Increase our faith. Teach us to say—and mean—"Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

SUNDAY, MAY 28

LETTING GOD DECIDE FOR US.
READ I CORINTHIANS 9:24-27.

"BUT what am I to do about my beer?" asked a man who had been accepted for membership in the church. The wise reply was given: "Why face the question here? Let Christ decide for you." On Sunday the man confessed Christ. Three days later he sought his pastor, his face glowing. "I have given up beer," he said, "for I couldn't keep a bad habit and look in the face of my Lord."

That man found the only way to decide questions of conduct. How can we do certain things, and ask God's blessing on them? Then what are we to do? Can there be any question?

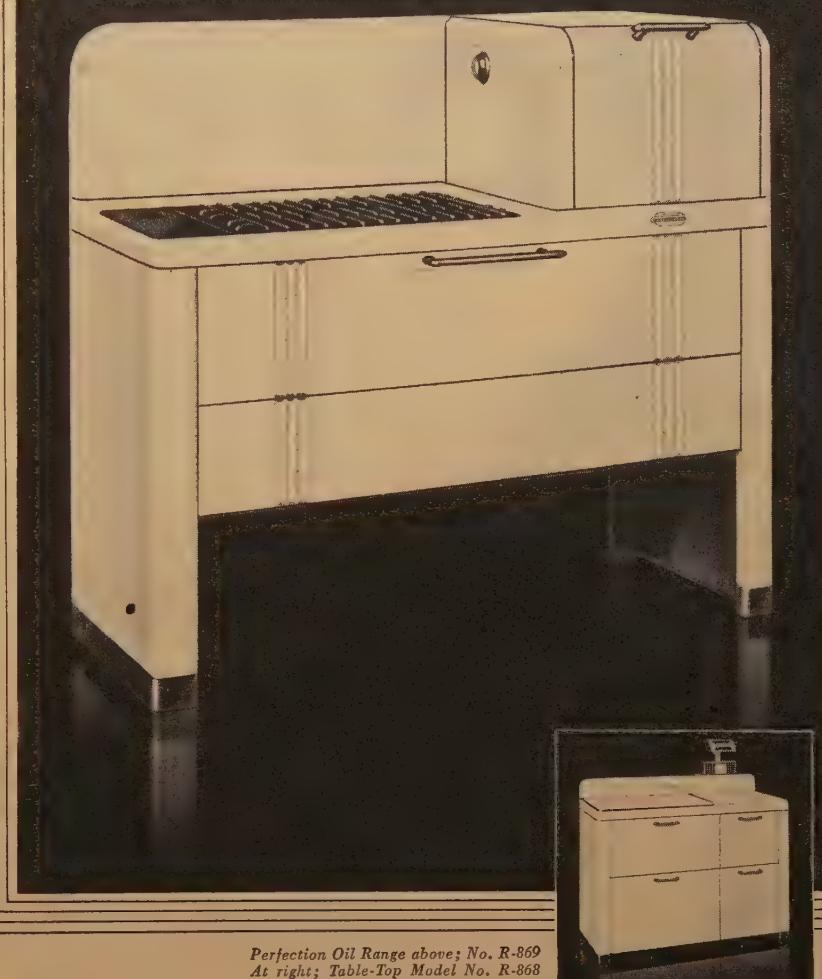
When we are in any doubt, may we seek thy wisdom, O God. We would do thy will. Show us if there is anything in our lives that thou dost wish removed. Then give us grace to cut it out.

MONDAY, MAY 29

AS A LITTLE CHILD.
READ MARK 10:13-16.

A WEALTHY manufacturer had arranged to unite with the church. But on Saturday he asked his pastor if any... (Continued on page 63)

HERE'S THE *Beauty* YOU'VE DREAMED OF... THE *Economy* YOU'VE WANTED



Perfection Oil Range above; No. R-869
At right; Table-Top Model No. R-868

INTENSE HEAT INSTANTLY. Perfection High-Power burners give finger-tip regulation . . . any cooking heat. There's no soot, no odor, no flare-ups from boilovers.

NO "SOGGY" BAKINGS. Fresh heated air constantly flowing through Perfection's "Live-Heat" oven, carries away excess moisture. No burning blasts—no cold spots.

SAVE EVERY DAY. With Perfection, you enjoy the modern convenience and economy of kerosene. You make real savings over the cost of wired or piped fuels.

EASY TERMS. and many beautiful models of High-Power Perfections from \$20.50 up. Small down payment and a little a month buys one. *Mail coupon for free booklet.*

PERFECTION *Oil burning* STOVES

PERFECTION STOVE CO., 7102-B Platt Ave., Cleveland, O.

Please send me **free** booklet, "I've Found The Best Way To Cook," illustrating the full line of Perfection Oil Burning Stoves.

Name _____

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Post Office _____

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The Mark of Quality

food preservation as near perfection as practical home-making might require.

A device to outdo Jack Frost in cold-making is the new wonder evolved after ten years of research by one of the prominent manufacturers. This mechanism is hermetically sealed in a dome of steel and engineers say it has been developed to such a high degree it will not need repair or attention of any kind for years to come. It will power all new refrigerators of this line. The new mechanism is called the "polarosphere" and will have a cold reserve. The unit is so powerful that only a fraction of its power will be needed for ordinary food preservation. Thus it will operate on a minimum of electricity. The surplus power is available through a radio-like dial control. A flick of a finger will summon forth low temperatures needed for quickly freezing ice cubes, desserts or for storing packaged ice cream or quick-frosted foods.

When you go to buy a refrigerator look for those with sanitary rounded corners, acid-resisting porcelain finishes and mobile shelves that slide out and can be adjusted up or down. There should be ample storage space of high humidity easily accessible, for fruits and vegetables. Ample storage space is needed for keeping meat and frosted foods. The newest vegetable-crispers and meat-storage compartments have glass tops so the contents can be observed at a glance. The up-to-the-minute refrigerator floods with light when the door opens. Ice trays have instant ice releases, the newest one provides mechanical means for lifting out one or two cubes at a time or a dozen as you like. Note how quickly ice cubes freeze. One refrigerator has a record of 480 cubes in two hours, twenty cubes per hour, forty-eight pounds of ice. A tray release will save many a fight breaking the frozen contact between tray and freezing surface.

Notice when you buy if there is storage space for tall bottles. A pull-out bottle shelf puts the back bottle within easy reach without disturbing several others. And there is room for a watermelon!

(Continued from page 26)

trails. A grandmother is bringing a pound of butter to pay for having her favorite granddaughter's tooth filled, and other gives twenty-five cents for her little girl's tonsil operation; twenty-one expectant mothers come and go, being taught at the club clinic how to care for themselves, bringing their pennies for one of those "sterilizin' outfits."

Club meetings begin with a Bible reading; dues (one penny a meeting) are collected. The women look at a health film or hear a doctor or a nurse talk on children's diseases. They make and sell patchwork quilts, jams and jellies; they sponsor clinics for throat, chest, teeth and eyes. The latest project is the building and equipping of a hospital; for that they have already had their husbands carry and dump a huge pile of stones, and they have raised, among themselves, the sum of forty-six dollars—no small sum, in these mountains.

Not a bad record, for the women of Konnarock!

(To be continued)



CHURCH COOKING SCHOOLS are Popular and Profitable

WOULD you like to have a Christian Herald cooking school in your church? During the past ten years Christian Herald has conducted schools in more than 1,000 churches.

Miss Helen Evelyn Jones, Christian Herald's home economics expert, gives her entire time going from church to church putting on the schools.

THE WAY TO DO IT

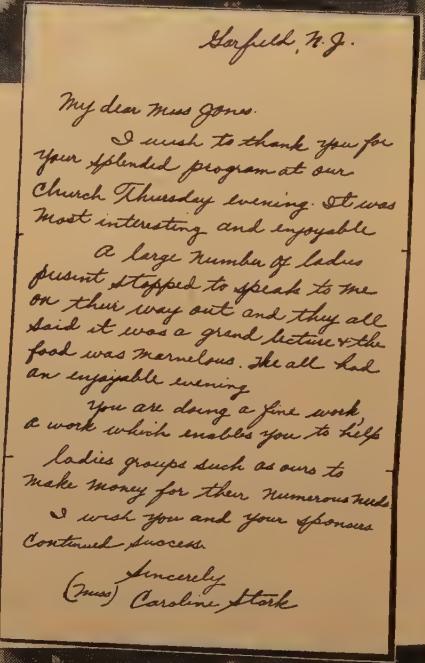
The schools are sponsored by some women's group in the church. Tickets are sold in advance and the proceeds go to the society or group sponsoring the school.

This splendid plan for making money is as follows—cooking schools will be held in the afternoon or evening (preferably afternoon) and will consist of a one hour lecture and practical demonstration, after which refreshments will be served. We must emphasize the fact that this is a Cooking School—not a luncheon.

In the demonstration, Miss Jones, the Christian Herald Food Adviser, will give new recipes and modern methods of preparing foods and the use of modern equipment for home and church kitchens. From ten to fifteen worthwhile prizes will be awarded at the close of the school. You may charge whatever you please (popular prices are 25¢ and 35¢) or you may give the tickets away and take up a silver collection, but your attendance objective must be a minimum of 100 adults actually present at the school. Our relationship with the manufacturers who furnish the equipment and food for the school, makes it necessary that we require this minimum attendance. No society should attempt to put on this school which

Schools will be booked in the following states: NEW JERSEY, New England (MASS., R. I., CONN.), DELAWARE, Northern VIRGINIA, Eastern OHIO, MARYLAND, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK.

For complete information address—
MISS OLIVE EGLIN, CHRISTIAN HERALD
419 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



doubts its ability to get the minimum number of adults to attend.

A nominal charge of \$5.00 is made by Christian Herald for each school. This does not need to be paid in advance, but may be given to Miss Jones at the close of the school. We furnish everything—tickets, programs and food. And here is a suggestion which will help raise the money to cover the \$5.00 charge. Either appoint another committee or have your committee put on a cake or candy sale after the school.

Dates are now being arranged for next Fall (schools start September 15th). We invite you to write us now if you would like to put on one of these schools in your church.

NEW JERSEY, New England (MASS., R. I., CONN.), DELAWARE, Northern VIRGINIA, Eastern OHIO, MARYLAND, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK.

and souls deeply stirred. Not a sound but the lift of the leaves, and on the hillside as the deep summer shadows lengthen, a wood pewee spilling his silver song like aairy carillon, as if blessing with his ownky music these giant brothers so soon to ft their own heroic voices to the pine-lad summits.

Some eyes seek out Dr. Boothe Colwell Davis, President Emeritus, now resting in the afterglow of a long lifetime of service to Alfred. Other eyes rest lovingly on his racious wife, who has worked with him shoulder to shoulder through all those difficult thirty-eight years of his presidency, her faith never faltering. They are guests of honor here today, greeting old comrades-in-service, many of whom, when they needed it most, have been guests of honor in the Davis home, drawn in to share the warmth of hearth and heart.

Some eyes are centered on the bells, the good Latinists translating the age-worn inscriptions encircling the heaviest ones:

"Pieter Hemony made me at Amsterdam in the year 1674. Praise the Lord all ye nations. Praise Him all ye people."

And on the second bell: "Pieter Hemony made me at Amsterdam in the year 1674. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth. Serve the Lord with gladness."

The third bell carries the same stamp, with the Psalmist's call: "Sing unto the Lord a new song. Praise be His in the congregation of the saints."

The quiet people grouped around the old bells become even quieter as Dr. John G. Spencer, Rector of Christ's Chapel on the campus, comes forward in the colorful

robes of his church. Dr. J. Nelson Norwood, President of the University, has donned his academic gown and doctor's hood to honor the occasion.

Alfred University is not given to ceremony. Its traditions pledge it to plain things. Its very bricks and bridges speak eloquently of the "transforming of commonplace affairs into the business of the King."

But now, here on the campus are distinguished natives of a far country where an older civilization has attached a deep meaning to such ceremonials. Alfred must give them due honor. Eighteen of the bells are by the great Pieter Hemony, himself. How pleased he must be to have them here—safe at last; always to remain bells to bless, never to be made into cannon to kill.

Sixteen are Dumery bells, cast in 1737 and thereabouts. They are foundry brothers of the world-famous bells of Bruges, under the spell of which Longfellow wrote of their melancholy chimes:

"Like the psalms from some old chorister
When the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them,
Like the chanting of a friar."

There is one great bell which is singularly alone; for it has no brothers of its own foundry here to keep it company. It bears the simple statement: "Andreas van den Gheyn poured me at Louvain in the year 1784." Member of an aristocratic family, some of its bell brothers ring today from the famous Sainte Gertrude's, Louvain. Product of a great family of founders which made bells for half a thou-

sand years, whose descendants are making them to this day at Louvain.

The service of prayer, in the shadow of the hills, falls like an evening benediction. "O holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord. . . . Praise Him and magnify Him for ever. . . ."

Ah, the holy and humble men of heart who have blessed with sweat and spine and spirit this little place of learning—where there has always been room for God!

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Some day, perhaps, a beautiful Memorial Chapel, architecturally similar to the Steinheim, may be built on one of Alfred's hills as the shrine of her second great president, its tower housing the Davis Memorial Carillon, to fill the valley with music, and call each succeeding generation of graduates to lift its eyes to the hills.

At present these treasure bells of centuries hang in a frame construction that resembles an oil derrick. Nor is the carillon, itself, complete. The nine Hemony bass bells—the biggest, and so, of course, the costliest—are still in peril across the sea, while desperate alumni and students seek means for raising the twenty thousand dollars needed to purchase them and bring them safely across the Atlantic to join the rest of the family.

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(Continued from page 15)

on a miniature piano.

One afternoon a week the two princesses spend at the Ladies' Section of the Bath Club. Miss Daly, who taught their father and the Duke of Windsor their swimming strokes nearly thirty years ago, now has Elizabeth and Margaret Rose for pupils. Last May, Elizabeth took an examination and received her certificate from the Royal Life Saving Association. She is one of the youngest holders of the certificate in the Kingdom.

A real princess always learns to sew, the story books say. The tradition is unbroken. The royal children have knitted scarves and baby jackets for Dowager Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild and other charities.

Over and over, like a strain of admonition in the little girls' lives, runs the interpretation of that sacred command: "Let him who would be first among you, be servant of all."

Margaret Rose is artistic. The Palace prophecy is that her pictures will hang in places more distinguished than the Buckingham nursery.

What do they do for mere joy, you ask? Of course swimming and horseback riding are fun, but they take the form of lessons!

They ride bicycles. They tend their own gardens at Glamoris Castle where they spend the summer with their parents. King George and Queen Elizabeth believe their souls will stretch in stature if they watch the beets and turnips and roses grow.

Every autograph collector on this side of the Atlantic would welcome the princesses' signature. When Princess Elizabeth considers her own appreciation of such names, she understands. She has an autograph album with the names of the people who are related to her or have awakened her admiration. Some of them, which she prizes most, aren't famous at all.

Princess Elizabeth once autographed a book for charity. At once a specialist began to analyze her handwriting. The newspapers of the land heralded the fact that she is hospitable, affectionate, sincere, devoted in personal relationships and a charming conversationalist. In other words, she is Edward, the Duke of Windsor's own niece, the English say. But they add instantly that she is her own father and mother's daughter. The subjects are proud of the simple, happy home life which their monarchs have set up as a guide for the Kingdom.

The children like to play such games as "Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold," when sitting for a while. They clapped their hands thousands of times in this game while their pictures were being painted by the artist, Margaret Lindsay Williams, in Hamilton Terrace, St. Johns Wood, London.

"They told stories, too," Miss Williams recalls now. "Princess Elizabeth would start one, Princess Margaret Rose would continue it, and their nurse would finish it."

Their favorite story is "Black Beauty," and Princess Elizabeth's favorite record is "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning." Contrary to story-tale belief, princesses

do not live on peacock wings and yellow honey. For breakfast the English royal children have eggs, cereals, toast and marmalade and fruit, and milk. Occasionally the menu varies to admit bacon and kidneys or fish.

Lunch is their main meal. A favorite menu consists of chicken, fruit and ice cream. For tea they have milk, bread and butter, and jam and cakes. Dinner is correspondingly simple, something like lunch.

Another thing English children adore about their princesses—the two small girls like to pick out their own candy. When shopping with their mother or grandmother, the tour usually concludes at a candy or sweet shop. The amounts purchased are small. You may be a princess with a \$30,000 income a year, but the number of pieces of candy your mother thinks you should eat, isn't very big.

Someone in the royal household has sense of the importance of combining education with play. One example of this is seen in the car rug of gray fur which the children use when driving. The back of the rug is blue, and is embroidered with a vivid outline map of Australia showing all the states. The heir presumptive and her sister love that map. They study it constantly instead of looking at the scenery.

Back in 1936, Dowager Queen Mary undertook to teach Princess Elizabeth how to react and act at court presentations.

"Whom have I the honor of receiving?" asked the Queen.

"Lord Bathtub and Lady Plug," answered the princess with complete disregard of the importance of rank. That story slipped through the palace gates. The people quote it yet.

"No puttin' on airs with her," one taxi cab conductor told me. Then he fidgeted at his wheel. "But you know you have to keep up a front at Buckingham."

Have to keep up a front. That is what England has been doing. She loves her Royalty. She wants it emblazoned with gold and diamonds and ermine. It means that power and right have not broken their partnership.

Meantime, Princess Elizabeth sits in a ringside seat at the most spectacular show in British history and wonders in what role she will enter the arena of the monarchs. She knows the importance of her country's ceremonial way of living. She knows that a certain amount of form sustains people, gives them a railing to which to cling when the lands beyond the choppy channel send out strange teachings.

She was present at the Silver Jubilee of her late grandfather, George V. She was there when he was buried in the chapel at Windsor Castle. She saw her own father made king, and she had a long train of her court dress that day. She has seen the trooping of the colors and heard bravado words on Armistice Days at the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

Some day, in all probability, she will be Queen of England, the guiding influence of the country on which the fate of a democratic European world hinges. England is waiting to cheer her when she comes into her inheritance. They hope it will be a long, long time. Meantime, it "jolly to have children in the Palace," they say.

(Continued from page 27)

Orphanage. He thought they weren't getting enough to eat down there (the Orphanage is separate from the industrial mission) so he went down and supervised the thing himself. They are eating better now; how he does it, I don't know.

But the best letter of all came in just a few days ago. We hadn't heard from Bishop for some time, and we were all worried, in the office, for fear something had happened—maybe, after all, the bombers had found their mark. But no—out of the blue came a letter that we all read, from the Editor to the office boy. Here it is:

"Dear Folks: My days are pretty full; that's why I haven't had time to write. The day for me begins at 7 A.M. and ends at 9:30 P.M. Outside of those hours my time is my own. I am spending quite a lot of my time with the small boys. . . .

"Last week a messenger came up on the double quick from the girls' hospital at Sharp Peak, with a wild look in his eye. He said cholera had struck at the Peak, and one of the girls was dying. He was wrong; it wasn't cholera at all; she had a form of bone tuberculosis. But she was dying, and I had to go.

"When we reached the anchorage, the wind was blowing like mad and the water was worse than rough. It was decided, after another hour's argument, that the boat would have to back off and charge the mud-bank between us and the shore. We had a lot of mission furniture on board, and I took a good hold on it and

set myself for the shock. We struck the mudbank so hard that down I went, with the furniture on top of me. I think those wily boatmen enjoyed seeing me sprawled out there; they did a lot of laughing before they pulled me out. I clambered up on the shoulders of a boatman; he carried me ashore, as he would a monkey.

"The girl was nearly dead. I knew at once that there was only one thing to do: make a coffin, and get ready for a funeral. I got back to Foochow at midnight, roused two of my best carpenter-boys out of bed, and with them I built a nice foreign style, camphor-wood coffin. We painted it and lined it, and just as we turned out the lights, a runner came in from Sharp Peak: the girl was dead. I sent him back with instructions as to how to dig the grave, to get a preacher for the funeral, etc., and went to bed—for an hour. Bright and early next morning I was on the banks of the Min again with my coffin.

"More haggling. This time it was desperate, for no sampan-man wants to carry a coffin; people won't ride on his boat after that; it's bad luck, and bad luck means a lot in China. I finally paid him ten prices for the passage, bought a bouquet of flowers, and we started. It took us three hours and when we got there we were unable to go ashore: rough water again. I tried to hire a smaller boat to come and get us (the coffin and me) but when the boatman saw the coffin he just blew up. He started to pull his boat away from us; I had to grab one end and pull my way while he pulled his. I won! He shouted that not for two

hundred dollars would he carry that coffin in his boat—but when I threatened to hold his boat there all night, he gave up and took us both ashore.

"Then I found that the men we had hired to dig the grave had only half finished it; with no laborer in sight, I had to take the pick and shovel and finish it myself. It took me two hours; I was tired out when I went back up the hill for the funeral service. I asked for the preacher, to talk with him about the service. Can you imagine my surprise when they all said they had made no arrangements for a preacher—I was supposed to take care of that! Not being a minister, and never having held a funeral service, it was a large order. But somehow, we did it.

"When it was over, I was so tired I could hardly stand up. But I found a strange new strength in the last words I had read at that grave: . . . 'but her spirit we commend unto Thee.' We had picked that youngster up in the streets, begging, sick, filthy; now we had helped her a little toward the streets in a better City where there are no beggars, no poor, no orphans. . . ."

The last paragraph of the letter reads: "The radio news tells us that you have had a terrible storm on the Atlantic Coast. I am sorry to hear about that, and worried about you. Are you all right?"

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Another item, not so valuable or rare, is the "Guam Guard Mail." This was a Philippines stamp, overprinted, used locally in Guam in 1930-31 before the U. S. Post Office extended service to the Island. They are much prized by specialists, and you can still get six denominations of them at face value, (forty-one cents,) by writing direct to Guam, with a money order made out to the Governor of Guam.

Question Box

D. J., Nebraska: Why all the enthusiasm about first-day covers? Are they so valuable? Answer: They are not so valuable as desirable. A special commemorative franked with the date of first-day sale is always worth more, in dollars and interest, than any other stamp of the same issue postmarked later.

P. K., N. Y.: "Which do you suggest a beginner saving—stamps before 1900, or after? Answer: Stamps after 1900 are easier to get, and more reasonably priced. Mint issues before 1900 are expensive. It depends a lot on your personal interest and on whether you want canceled stamps or uncanceled. Personally, ye editor likes 20th century blocks-of-four, in U. S.

R. O., Georgia: We have a girls' stamp club, and we want to contact a girls' club abroad. Can you help us? Answer: Yes. Write Miss Mellony Turner, American School, Lovetch, Bulgaria. She has a Club of seven or eight girls who want American issues in exchange for Bulgarian.

F. M., Cal.: I have a collection to sell. Will you give me the names of half a dozen reliable dealers? Answer: We hesitate to do that in this column, but we are preparing a list of country-wide dealers to go out to the Stamp Club, soon. Try the newspaper ads of the dealers in the big cities nearest you. There are thousands of dealers selling stamps, and ready to buy.

A. B., Kentucky: Does the Valley Forge Issue come in different colors? What is its denomination? What color is best to buy? Is a stamp with "Kans" printed on it a surcharge? Answer: The Valley Forge stamp is of one color and denomination only: two-cent carmine rose. There may be slight variations in the shade, but not many. The "Kans" stamp of which you speak is an overcharge; a surcharge means only an altered value. There is a series of one-to-ten cent stamps in this issue, one for Kansas and one for Nebraska; they are worth having, running from ten cents to three dollars each. Every collector of U. S. wants them.

(Continued on page 60)

There had to be a halt, sometime. It came just after midnight. The president said. "That's all for tonight, men. Dr. Jones says he will be glad to talk with any of you, personally, in your rooms. But go easy on that. He must be tired. That's all." But it wasn't all. Some few drifted away; the others waited. There were conferences in rooms, little discussion-groups of two or three or four all over the house. I went to bed at 2:30, and Dr. Jones was still at it.

The Seminar next afternoon at 2:30 was more interesting than the luncheon. It met in Room 310. Leader, Grace Sloan Overton, Dean of Women at Michigan. I got there fifteen minutes early and I had to fight for a seat. The subject: "Marriage in the Twentieth Century."

With a candor that was startling, Dean Overton faced up to all the baffling problems of modern marriage. She dodged nothing; she called a spade a spade, she called sex sex, she took every separate bewilderment of the problem and held it up before the crowded room and they all had a good honest look at it. She talked of weddings in City Hall and weddings in the Church; of romantic marriage and marriage for convenience; of spiritual marriages and marriages for the sake of social position or a roof over one's head; of marriages done "reverently, discreetly and in the sight of God," and of Gretna Green.

As a matter of fact, I did not find enough cynicism anywhere on the campus to "put in my eye." But I heard many a fine, serious young man or woman ask, time and again, "But how do we practice Christ in the kind of world we've got to live in?"

The kind of world we've got to live in! They didn't build that world. We built it. They were born into it, helplessly. Those of us who came ahead of them set the stage for them, arranged the social and economic and political and religious frameworks in which they must live and move and have their beings. We, and not they, are responsible for the perpetration of the principle of "the survival of the fittest" in business; we and not they have made the world an armed camp, and in that camp we call upon them to follow the Prince of Peace! That's a pretty large order.

What I am trying to say is this: I feel, since I have watched that Embassy and listened to those Pennsylvanians, that, if they be typical of American college youth, we have little to worry about so far as they themselves are concerned. They're all right; they are far, far better than my own generation of collegians. The trouble, dear Brutus, is not with them, but with those of us who must present the Christian cause to them. I've forgotten how many of them said to me, "Why, I never knew Christianity was like this!" Is that his fault, or ours? I heard several say, "I'd like to know my Bible better, but there isn't a course on this campus that will help me to know it better." I heard another say, "The students are begging for more courses in religion, but we just don't get them." Can it be that our college faculties are responsible here?

I came home more encouraged than I have been for a long, long time.



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MAY 7

Paul Works a Hard Field

ACTS 17:16 to 18:17; 1 COR. 2:1-5
(Printed lesson, Acts 18:1, 4-11; 1 Cor. 2:1-5)

ATHENS was a hard field for the Gospel because of the sophistication of its inhabitants. But Corinth was still harder, because it was a city of business and commerce, of free spending and worldliness, and marked by pagan immorality and fast living. Although not many verses are used in describing Paul's work in this city of need, those we do have give us good pictures of his character and manner of living.

Paul's sojourn in Athens had been quite discouraging. As is often true, he did not know how well he wrought. The permanent record of Paul's work in the city of learning was large, but he felt it to be very small, and was doubtless glad to cover the fifty miles which brought him to Corinth, a city of different makeup. It was a good city in which to establish the Gospel with success, for from there it would easily be carried to many parts, because of its active commerce.

Paul's fervor in preaching Jesus Christ to the Jews of the synagogue met with opposition, and made his position difficult. But the arrival of Timothy and Silas stirred him to new zeal—he was "pressed in spirit," either from without or from within. This caused the Jews to resist him openly. The outcome was his decision to separate himself from them and to do his further work for Jews and Greeks from the house of Justus, a proselyte, recently turned to Christ.

God honored Paul's work. Was it the fact that Paul now *testified* rather than *reasoned*? Was it that he had dependable helpers? Was it that opposition stirred him to greater devotion? At any rate, things began to work out favorably. Crispus, ruler of the synagogue, not only confessed Christ for himself, but brought his family. "To mark the occasion the apostle made an exception to his usual custom and baptized him with his own hands (1 Cor. 1:14). The Gentile Corinthians attended in large numbers, and many heard, believed, and were baptized." (Rackham, *The Acts*.)

How does God give assurance? With all this blessing Paul was greatly troubled. He described himself as being "in fear and trembling." The Jews certainly had cause to be unfriendly. Their rival was preaching a successful message and almost under their very eyes. The Greeks, too, were not entirely pleased, for they wanted eloquence when Paul preached only the simple truths of the Gospel. Besides, his bodily weakness, his "thorn in the flesh," was a hindrance. "At this crisis, then, when the erection of the church was at

stake, for the master-builder was giving way, the Lord Jesus Himself intervened. In a vision He took away Paul's fear and assured him of His own presence, to protect him, like Jeremiah, against his own countrymen; to encourage him, like Joshua, in his attack on the citadels of paganism." (*Westminster Commentary*.)

A true picture of St. Paul. The verses from Paul's first letter to the Corinthian Christians (written from Ephesus) give an insight into the very days we have been describing. "Not with wisdom . . . knowing only Christ, and him crucified . . . in weakness and fear . . . in demonstration of the Spirit." It is no wonder that such a spirit on his part brought results both in the number and in the quality of believers. Any other course in this difficult field would have been doomed to failure.

MAY 14

Paul Evangelizes a Province

ACTS 18:18 to 20:38; EPH. 2
(Printed lesson, Acts 19:1, 8-10; 20:17-21; Eph. 2:19-22)

WHATEVER else is done in the period of preparation and in the period of teaching this lesson, there must be frequent return to the mighty message of the key verse. It is 19:10, "And this continued for the space of two years; so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks." Giving full latitude for reasonable exaggeration, and allowing that Paul had devoted and able helpers, we face the marvelous accomplishment of one man so full of power that tens of thousands of people over the vast area of a province could and did hear the message of the Gospel, and all this in the short space of two years, or at the most three years. *One man evangelizing a province in three years!*

But the connection is first to be established. When Paul finished his work in Corinth, he felt that he should establish personal contact with the church in Jerusalem. Stopping at Ephesus en route only long enough to meet the people there (18:19, 20) he pushed on to the Syrian port of Caesarea, whence he went overland to Jerusalem. Of his activities in Jerusalem we know only that "he saluted the church." Whether he met the leaders, whether he made report of his experiences, whether he delivered contributions from the distant believers we can only surmise. This was the end of the second missionary journey.

Paul's third journey begun. The first section of the third journey is incompletely described. "He departed from Antioch, and went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order, strengthening the disciples" (18:23). The exact

route followed is not known, nor what companions were with him. But after he did his work of renewal in the churches previously visited, he came for the second time to Ephesus (19:1).

When Paul came to Ephesus, he found some believers who were in a preliminary state of belief, having only the gospel of repentance as preached by John the Baptist, and not believing on Jesus as the Saviour, or on the Holy Ghost. Paul's presentation of the full gospel met with ready acceptance.

A variety of approaches. In accounting for Paul's success and widespread influence we note (1) that he began in the synagogue; (2) that he used the argumentative or reasoning form of speech, and that he persuaded his hearers; (3) that when opposition arose he quickly separated his followers from the synagogue, and set up his Christian church in another place (the school of Tyrannus); (4) that he became the agent of God in performing deeds of miraculous power; (5) that in addition to those who lived in Ephesus, traders and travelers from every part of the province carried the word of salvation to many other centers.

What kind of power? We are not to suppose that the apostles were always able to work miracles at will. The character of their miracles was not always the same. In Ephesus Paul was enabled to overcome the magic of false teachers by miraculous power attaching to his person, and to communicate even to distant sufferers through garments. We should note that Luke records that the glory was given to God who furnished the power. Not the name of Paul, but the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.

What sort of preaching? The verses from Eph. 2:19-22 reflect the preaching which Paul used in this period. They are a part of a passage which explains how the church can do its great work "and become the complete embodiment of the Divine Life" when Jew and Gentile have no barriers between them. Jesus Christ indeed becomes the cornerstone of such a structure, and its members are being built together as a permanent habitation of God. No wonder such preaching, such power, such labors had wide result!

MAY 21

Beverage Alcohol and the Home

(A SOCIAL ASPECT OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM)
JER. 35:5-10; EPH. 5:15-21; 6:1-4

WHAT do the Rechabites teach us? Jonadab (Jehonadab) was an ancient leader of his family tribe of Rechabites in the days of Jehu, when there was a call to all the Israelites to oppose the heathen gods. Jonadab said, "Jehovah ought to be preserved as the wilderness God, who did such great things for our fathers. My followers will not drink any wine or strong drink, nor will they build any houses or live in cities, but will be nomads in the fields and plains." It was for him and them a purely religious vow.

Two and a half centuries later, in the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Israel, the prophet Jeremiah was asked to bring the family of Rechabites (then forced to take temporary refuge in Jerusalem because of their fear of the besieging Chaldean army) into the Temple. When they

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HIM SO
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JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE

STAMPS

(Continued from page 56)

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were assembled, he placed before them great bowls of wine, and urged them to drink. They declined the offer, on the ground that their ancestor Jonadab had forbidden them to drink wine. The prophet was then directed to point out the moral for the men of Judah, thus: "Since the days of Jonadab the Rechabites have strictly adhered to a pledge to drink no wine; they obey their father's commandment. But Jehovah has persistently urged and commanded you not to follow strange gods and not to do evil things. You have never paid any attention to God's voice, nor heeded His commandments. Therefore, you must pay the price of disobedience, and you will be punished by Jehovah. But the obedient, total-abstinent Rechabites shall receive the reward of always having descendants to serve Jehovah."

Responsibility in the Christian home. Eph. 5:15-21 puts these precepts before Christian parents: (a) To be drunken with liquor is an evidence of foolishness, for it is dissoluteness and riot. (b) The better course is to feast on the Spirit and spiritual things, having sweet singing and thanks in your hearts instead of the idle chatter and vulgar songs of the drunken.

The second passage (6:1-4) emphasizes two key words for children in the home, honor and obey, and one great idea for parents, that they must bring up their children in ways pleasing to God. It is obvious that parents make a failure of their leadership in the home when the best they can offer is the unsteadiness which comes from liquor.

3. What does alcohol do to the home?

(a) The health of the home is affected by alcohol. A drinking father or mother not only pays the immediate price of impaired digestion, irritability and nervous tension, but lays himself open as prey to many diseases.

(b) The happiness of the home is lessened by alcohol. When any member of the family becomes a source of worry or concern, when there are periodic times of incapacity or emotional outbreaks, when there are arguments and bitter words over drinking habits, what chance has the home of being happy? In place of happiness come fear, shame, and inferiority complexes.

(c) Spirituality in the home is affected by alcohol. No home can be completely Christian where alcohol has any place.

MAY 28

Paul Thinks in World Terms

ROM. 1:1-17; 3:21-30; 5:1-11; 10:11-15

(Printed lesson, Rom. 1:1-17)

PAUL'S Letter to the Romans is generally accepted to be the sixth of his New Testament epistles. It was written

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from Corinth while the great apostle was on his third missionary journey. It is fitting that it should be first in the final order of his public writings because of its doctrinal importance, its length, and because it was addressed to the Church in the capital of the Gentile world.

Teacher and class will do well to read over together from the King James or Revised versions the entire message contained in the four groups of verses. If it could be done also from Moffatt's Translation its meaning would be clearer. Each student should watch for indications of the breadth of Paul's vision. What expressions indicate the distance which he would cover for Christ? What limits does he place on the acceptability of the Gospel in the hearts of men? From this search will come the following teaching points:

1. Christianity had existed in Rome long before the apostle wrote his letter. There is no indication of other apostolic origin, and from what we know both Jew and Gentile believers were included as followers of Christ. Paul puts these friends in Rome whom he has not seen on a high plane when he addresses them as "called to be saints" (1:7).

2. Paul took his stand as a world-Christian when he put on his prayer-list these converts from paganism in a distant city (1:9).

3. The apostle's longing to visit Rome and to impart to the believers there "some of those many gifts (of instruction, comfort, edification, and the like) which the Holy Spirit has been pleased to bestow upon me" shows the true missionary urge.

4. Paul's obligation to impart the Gospel to the Greeks and to the barbarians (1:14) is another way of saying that it had no limit. The Greeks considered all but themselves as barbarians (speakers of an unintelligible tongue) so the expression becomes all-inclusive. Similarly, "the wise and the unwise" include all classes of people.

5. The application of the Gospel is without exception. "Every one that believeth" is the widest reach possible (1:16).

6. All men are candidates for the salvation which God has provided, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." The only one not needing salvation is he who has not sinned (3:22, 23).

7. Faith, the pre-requisite of salvation, works just as well for the Gentile as for the Jew (3:28-30).

8. *Whosoever* is the only word that describes every possible recipient of the blessing of God (10:12, 13).

"I am not ashamed." In the following words has Dr. Wm. Sanday paraphrased 1:16, 17 (*Commentary on Romans*):

"Even there, in the imperial city itself, I am not ashamed of my message, repellent and humiliating as some of its features may seem. For it is a mighty agency, set in motion by God Himself, and sweeping on with it towards the haven of Messianic security every believer—first in order of precedence the Jew, and after him the Gentile. Do you ask how this agency works, and in what it consists? It is a revelation of the righteousness of God, manifested in a new method by which righteousness is acquired by men—a method, the secret of which is Faith, or ardent loyalty to Jesus as Messiah and Lord; which Faith is every day both widening its circles and deepening its hold.



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Just Between Ourselves



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

MY BEST FRIEND

When these contests were started it never dawned on the editor what a heartbreaking job the selection of the best letter would be. As more and more evidence of the beautiful and abiding friendships of our readers poured in on us, we wished heartily that we could publish them all. We wished we could send copies of the letters to the friends about whom each was written.

In making the selection we finally were forced to eliminate many letters because, although beautiful, they did not answer the question of the contest which was "The quality I most enjoy in my best friend." Some wrote character sketches, others dwelt on qualities which, while admirable, are not inherent in friendship. We also arbitrarily eliminated those who chose Christ or some close relative as their best friend. We felt that such friendships are so deep they should be held beyond analysis.

Here is the letter finally selected. We think you will agree that it paints a lovely picture.

★ ★ ★

Minerva, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a letter to my best friend which may be suitable for your contest.—Eleanor La Bar

Dear Frances:

Thank you for your letter; I knew I could depend on you to give me your candid opinion.

Do you know, I believe this very frankness is the secret of our long and ever-increasing affection for each other. You have heard it said, as often as I, no doubt, that women cannot form the lasting and sincere friendships that are possible among men. Women have been called too petty, too meticulous, too prone to tell each other "white lies." Our friendship certainly disproves this theory, mainly because of our constant frankness to each other. Do you remember how we used to tell each other which dresses to wear on a date in college? That was the simple beginning of a growing reliance on you for advice sincerely and conscientiously given, for opinions undistorted by an exaggerated fear of fancied insults.

Once I told you that when you had been here, I felt as if a fresh, keen, invigorating breeze had blown through the house. Years have passed since then, but the effect of your personality is the same. Our freedom in expressing our inmost thoughts regarding each other is the most radiant facet in our friendship.

Always affectionately, Eleanor



Stonehenge

This picture, taken by Elizabeth M. Prew of New York shows some of the members of the Christian Herald British Isles tour of last summer. They are at Stonehenge, sup-

★ ★ ★

Arnold for President?

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I read the story "Watchful Citizen" by Hayden Hall, which appeared in your November issue of Christian Herald.

Would not Frank G. Arnold make a good U. S. President to curb some of the excess government expenditure of taxpayers' money? Would there be any possibility of his getting nominated? I certainly would vote for him.

Elsie A. Williams,
Connersville, Ind.

How about it Mr. Arnold—would the measures you have used in Nebraska work for the whole country?
—Editor.

Young People Read It

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

The two letters on page 75 of the March issue, regarding the response of youth to questions of vital interest, suggest this letter.

Do many young people read the Herald? I enjoy it, but it does not seem a young people's paper.

Give them a page and see how they respond, is my suggestion.

Mrs. L. W. Storms, Ames, Iowa

posed by some to be the remains of an ancient Temple of the Druids, by others to be an ancient burial ground of that order. Whatever their purpose they are certainly very ancient.

Here's a Fine Letter

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I very much like the idea of some space for our young people by our young people. We sometimes underestimate the better traits of our young, just as our young friend C. L. Hiatt failed to see that the aged were young once and now can look back and see results of errors that by a friendly warning to youth may be avoided.

One of the nice things of old age (to me) is to enjoy the kindly helpfulness of the young.

Isaac E. Hershey, Sr.,
Gordonville, Pa.

There are only eighty words in Mr. Hershey's letter, but if old and young alike would follow the simple precepts he lays down, a world of problems would be solved. Study it carefully.—Editor.

(Continued from page 51)

one else was to receive baptism at the same time. The pastor told him that the fourteen-year-old daughter of the aundress that came weekly to the manufacturer's home was to be welcomed with him. The man hesitated for a moment, then said: "Suppose we wait a week or two. I'll come later. I don't see how I can be at the service tomorrow." A little questioning revealed his difficulty; the man thought it beneath his dignity to be baptized with a child by his side. The pastor asked him to go home and read prayerfully the passage we are reading today. He promised to do so—and that night he phoned that he would receive baptism.

May we, O God, be of thy mind, compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humble-minded. So may thy name be glorified in us. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 30

NOW!

READ ECCLESIASTES 2:1-7.

LUKE tells of a certain man who said to Jesus, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. But suffer me first to go and bury my father." His excuse for delay was that he must stay at home so long as his father lived. Another said, "Let me first bid farewell to them that are at home."

Those two men are living today, in your town and mine. Always they have an excuse for delaying to take Jesus as their Lord. Of similar character was the young man who declared that he intended to put off marriage and joining the church until he had "made his pile."

Today, O God, may we hear Thy voice and do Thy will. We would know Thy commandments. Teach us that those commandments are not grievous, and that only those who seek to obey them are fitted for life. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31

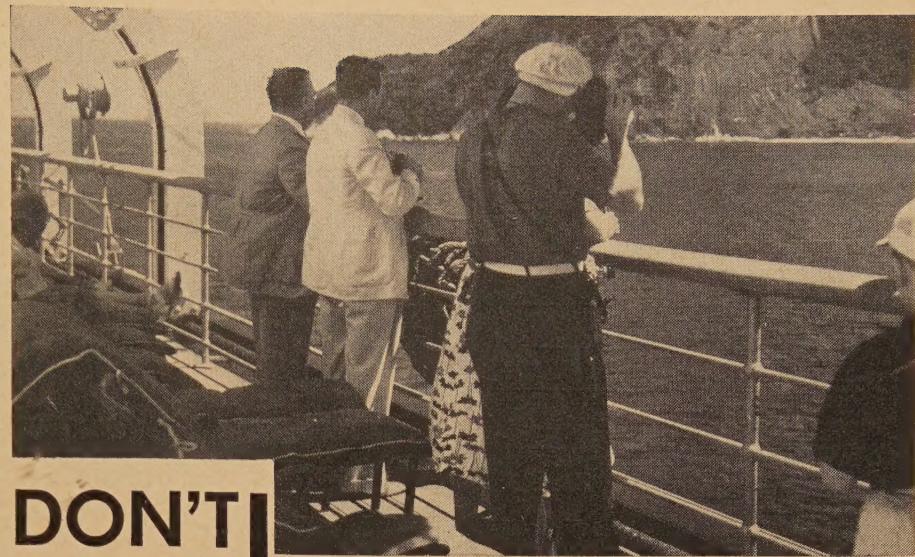
NOT WHAT THE CHURCH IS FOR.

READ ACTS 8:14-22.

THE mistake of Simon is made by many who want some of the things that go with God's gifts, yet are unwilling to fulfill the conditions of receiving them. This grave error is frequently made with regard to the Church. There are people who want privileges without corresponding obligations. For instance, a school-teacher said she would not unite with the Church; her public position made it wise for her to attend all, especially on social occasions.

Years ago a leader, now famous, wished to use the Church in promoting a desired innovation. "What church do you belong to?" she was asked. "O, I am not a member of any church. I am a friend of all churches." Yet she was surprised when her request was denied.

Thou art so patient with us, O God! May we love Thy Church because it is the body of Christ. And may we find our place as a part of Him. Amen.



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NEXT MONTH

For two months now we have promised you Dr. Crampton's article on "Life, Liberty and the Doctor." Each month it has been postponed for one reason or another. It will positively appear in June. Also,



Now, I Want a Man's Faith
by Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft

Never in the history of the Christian Religion has the Church been confronted with the great opportunity which the present offers for bringing new converts to its cause. In this article Mr. Meadowcroft tells what he thinks the Church and Christian people should do to meet this opportunity.



Foreign Invasion
by May Dixon Thacker

A new serial story, the story of which is laid in the heart of the Appalachian. America has never really understood these mountain people. This story is told by one who has lived among them.



The Middle Way in Liquor Control
by Philip Gustafson

What they are doing about the liquor problem in Sweden.

And, of course, many others, including the regular departments.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Cute

Wife: "Dear, I saw the sweetest little hat downtown today."

Husband: "Put it on; let's see how you look in it."

—Rail.

Immune

"How about a little kiss, girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"Well, that's all right; I've been vaccinated."

—Octopus.

Some Men Are Like That

Luck is what makes a man jump from the frying pan into the fire—and put the fire out.

—Exchange.

It's No Use

"I've been thinking it over," said the husband, "and I've decided to agree with you."

"That won't do you any good," said his wife. "I've changed my mind."

—Globe and Mail.

Damaging Admission

Politician: "I never question the fact that I owe a lot to my country."

Campaign Manager: "Sh-h! They may think you haven't paid your income tax."

—Zions Herald.

Self Defense

"How did you get that black eye?"

"I was protecting a little boy."

"That's noble; who was he?"

"Me."

—Biblical Recorder.

They Can Sympathize

By the end of the summer the town which started a war on dandelions will know what the Japanese are up against in China.

—Yakima Republic.

Off His Chest

Boy: "And now, doctor, that I've told you I am going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

Doctor: "You just tell me about it, my boy."

Boy: "A tattooed heart with the name 'Mabel' on it."

—The Keel.

Prayer of a Maiden

Oh Lord,

Please bring me an archduke,
An always-on-the-march duke,

And not a dried-up, parched duke,
Nor any made-of-starch duke.

I want a wealthy arch-duke,

But not a broken-arched duke,
There aren't more rhymes for arch-duke,
So I'll have to take a baron.

—Dean Warner Law.

Au Revoir

Doctor: "I'll have to amputate your left hand and remove your stomach."

Patient: "Well, good-by, paw, good-by maw."

—Kablegrams.

Dependable

Patient: "Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia, and the patients die of something else."

M. D. (with dignity): "When I prescribe for pneumonia you die of pneumonia."

—Exchange.

The Mean Things

"Pay your taxes with a smile," advised Mrs. Gotrocks.

"I should love to," said Miss Comely, "but they insist on cash."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Tell Us Something We Don't Know

"The time will come," thundered the suffrage orator, "when women will get a man's wages."

"Yes," sadly muttered a man in a rear seat, "Next Saturday night."

—Exchange.

Safety First

A farmer was visiting a Mexican settlement after some years' absence.

Talking to an old friend on a ranch, he said, "So old Buff's gone. Did you miss him?"

"No," replied the other. "That's why he's gone. I never miss."

—Kablegrams.

Good Marksmanship

Judge: The evidence shows, Mrs. Grizzly, that you threw a rolling pin at your husband.

Mrs. Grizzly: "It shows more than that; it shows I hit him."

—The Keel.

Can Do

Doctor: "The best thing for you would be a sea voyage. Can you manage it?"

Patient: "Rather, doctor. I'm captain of a transatlantic liner."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Undoubtedly

Teacher: "Now boys, if Napoleon were alive today, what would he be doing?"

Smart Alec: "Drawing an old age pension."

—Calgary Herald